



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

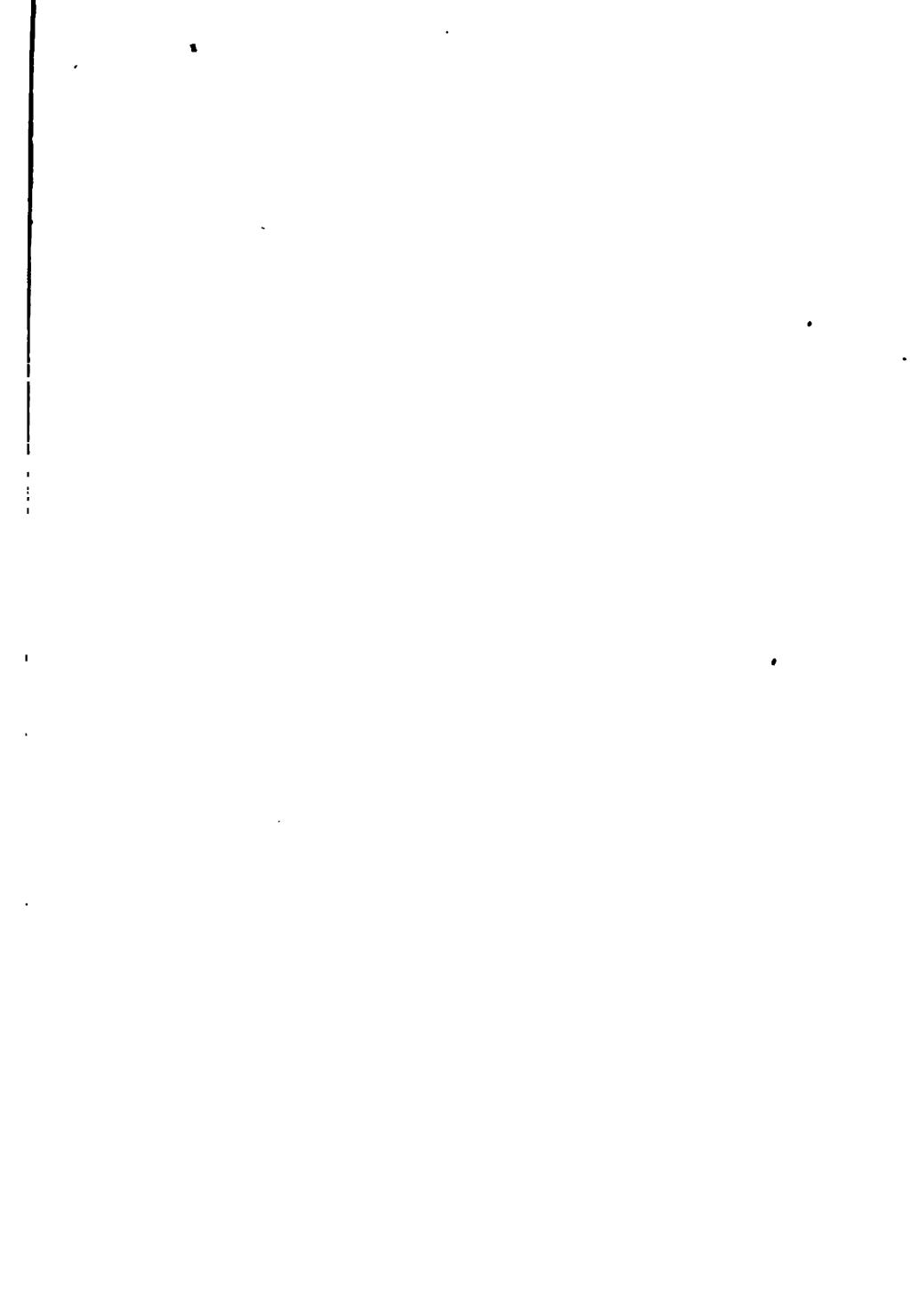
About Google Book Search

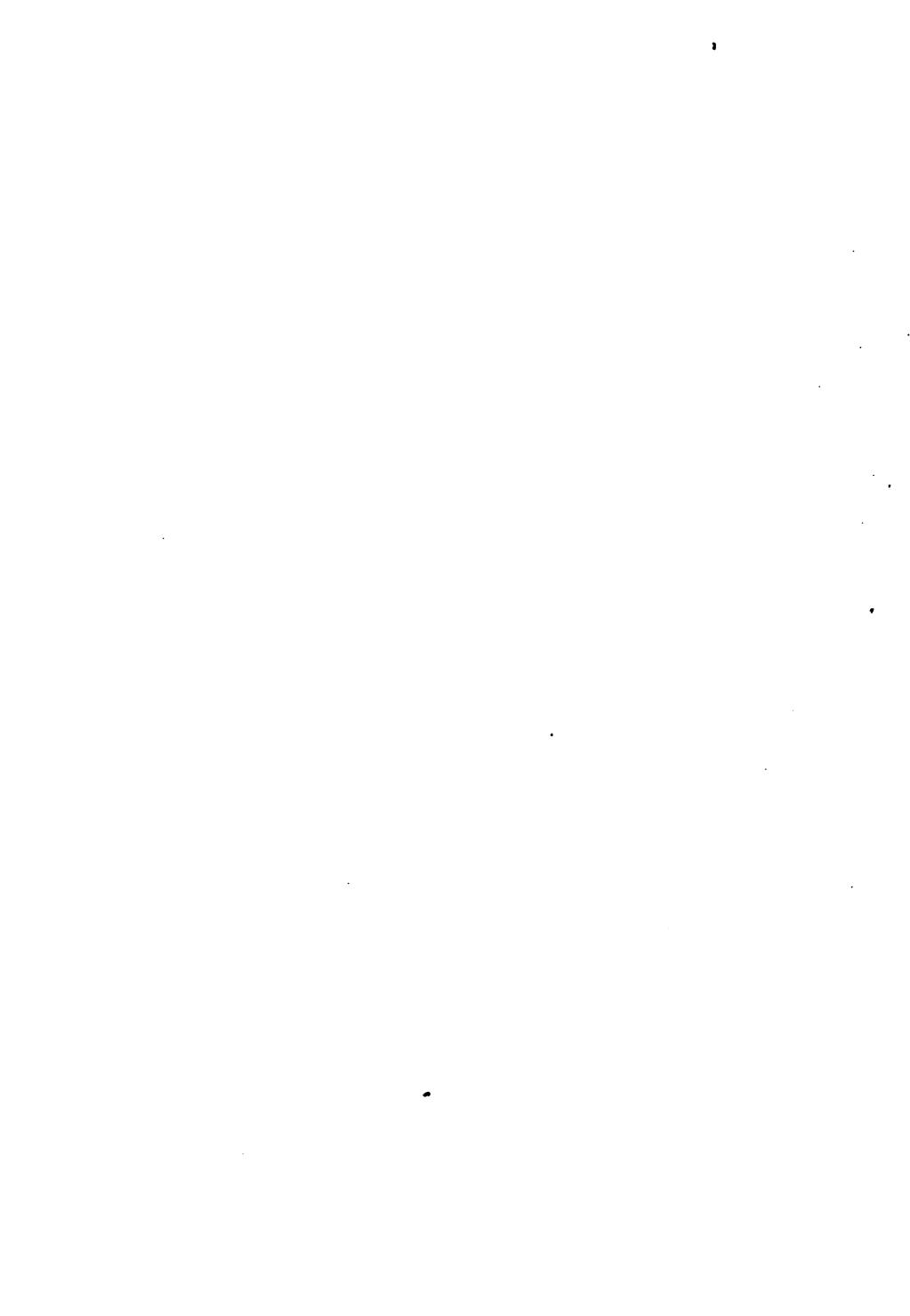
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Poetry, American

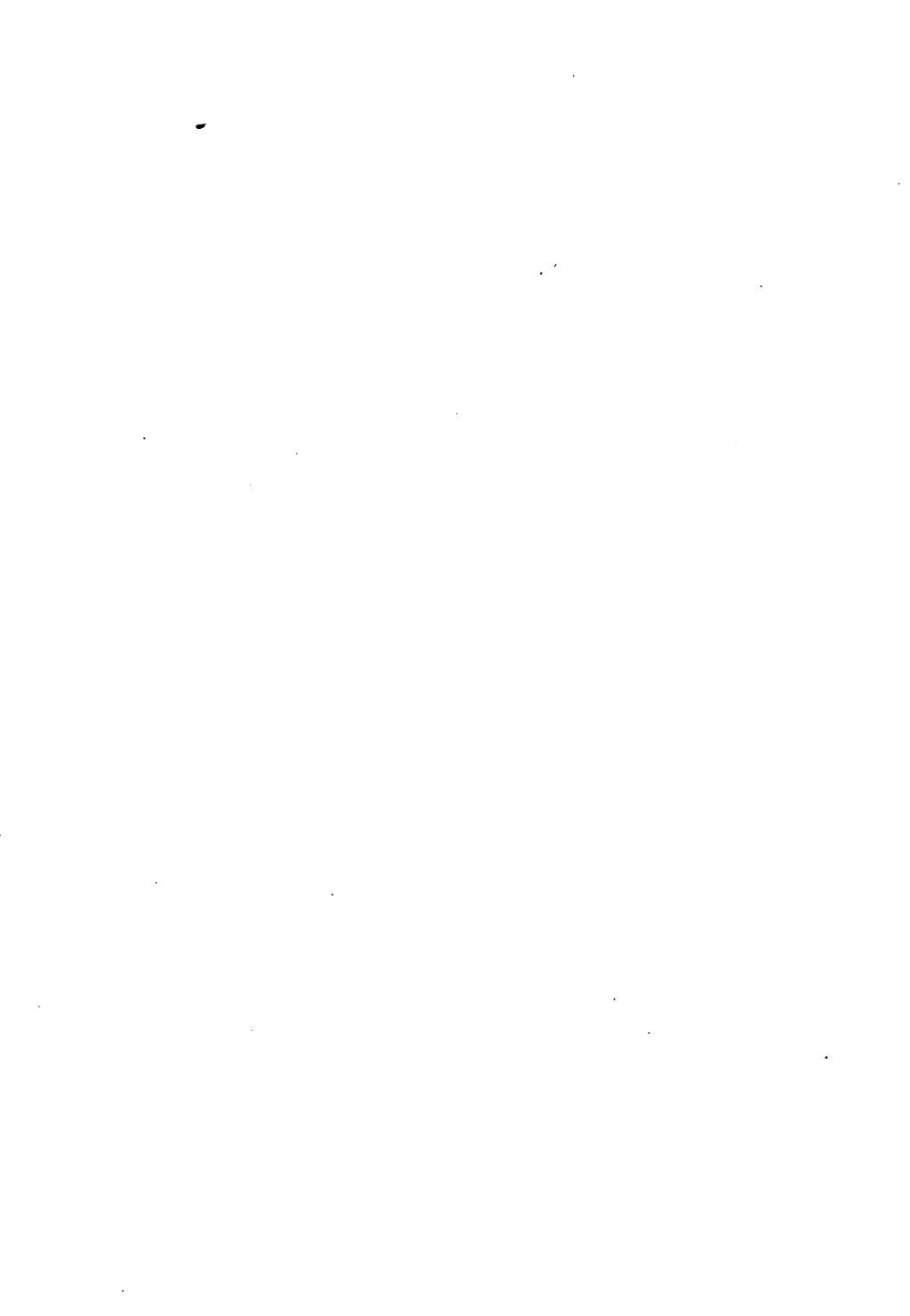
NBI

McKee









VOICES AND UNDERTONES

—
—
—



VOICES AND UNDERTONES

IN SONG AND POEM

BY

HC

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE

B. A., Author of "A Song of Trust"

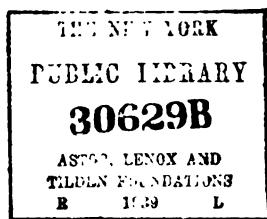
"All this time and all times wait the words of true poems—
the words of true poems do not simply please."

1889

NEW YORK: EQUITY PUBLISHING CO.

9 WEST 14TH ST.

TORONTO: HART & COMPANY



COPYRIGHT, 1889

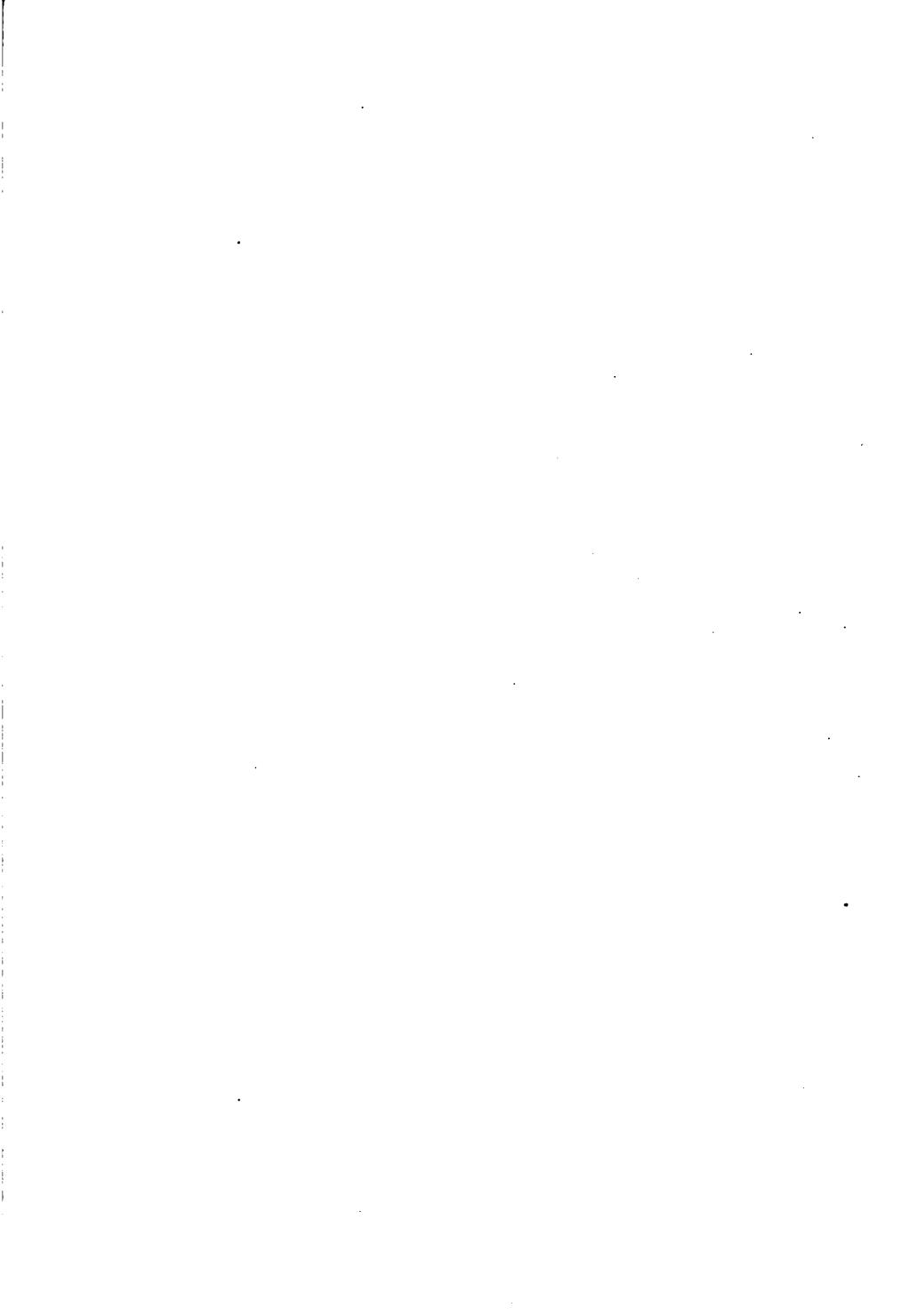
BY

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

All rights reserved

TO
CORINNA
A WOMAN OF THE AGE.

WQR 19 FEB 36



CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>APOLOGIA</i>	14
 SPOKEN IN HIS NAME	
“ <i>What if the poet can not build at all?</i> ”	16
“ <i>In His Name</i> ”	17
How Brother Lawrence Walked with God	
I. A Conversation	18
II. A Letter	22
“ <i>Whom We Call the Dead</i> ”	24
An Astrohomer's View	24
Bear Thine Own Fruit	31
The City of God	32
My Past	36
Sorrow	36
An Expostulator Overheard	37
“ <i>The rivers hasten</i> ”	41
Gifts in Sleep	42
Living	42
The Cripple	43
Evil	46
A Song of the Dawning	47

UNDERTONES		PAGE
"While bird-song makes the wild-wood echoes ring".		52
A Voice Reading		53
<i>His First Tourney Remembered</i>		54
<i>Song of Sir Folko</i>		55
<i>Gabrielle</i>		56
<i>A Confession</i>		57
Sunrise		59
Expostulation		60
A Story in Three Voices		
I. In a Parlor		61
II. In a Cell		63
<i>"The bells they ring"</i>		65
<i>"I sing by the waves of the glancing sea"</i>		66
<i>"Moan, moan, moan"</i>		67
III. In a Boudoir		68
The Songs of Two		
I. Heard at Sunset		71
II. The Answer at Dawn		71
A Nocturne		72
A Woman of the Age		73
By the Sounding Shore		77
Half-Thoughts		77
Valse Premiere		78
Baby Elinor		
<i>The Mother Sings</i>		79
The Poet's Reverie		79
<i>Lullaby Song</i>		81
St. Anthony's Victory		82

	PAGE
FRIENDSHIP I CELEBRATE	
“ <i>There comes a legend from the Persian land</i> ”	86
“ <i>I Have a Friend</i> ”	87
Memories	87
Au Revoir	88
Fame	89
“ <i>Up to the Light, Together</i> ”	89
Waiting	90
Inflowing Tide	91
Springing Water	91
Knightly Inspiration	92
A Farewell	93
SPEECH OF A LOVER	
“ <i>In olden time a precious instrument</i> ”	96
Dementia Amantis	97
Hope Victorious	98
Divinity of Love	99
Love in Death	99
At Moonrise	100
Among the Red Clover	101
A Crown	102
Love's Dilemma	103
I Love Thee, Sweet	104
Arabic Love-Song	104
A Lowland Song	105
Unworthiness	106
New Zealand Imitation	106
Sair to Bide	107

	PAGE
Song	108
Moonlight	109
Love's Baptism	110
The Moon-Lover	111
Longing	112

NATURE-SPEECH

<i>"Call not the poet idle, though he spend"</i>	114
Swannanoa	115
Rain	116
Calm	117
The Sleepless Sea	118
A Song of the Sea	118
October Wind	119
In the West	121
Sea Breeze	122
The Treasures of the Snow	123
Under an Oak	125
Snow in April	126
The Victor Sea	127
River Hopewell	128
The Homeless Sea	129

LOVE-LETTERS

<i>"I love the sounding of thy name in Greek"</i>	132
LETTER I. Doubt	133
LETTER II. Hope	139
LETTER III. Assurance	145
LETTER IV. Absence	151
POST SCRIPTUM	157



APOLOGIA

*Glad tidings of relief the lame may bring
To some beleaguered city, and the blind
From midnight ambuscade the path may find ;
On high the bird may sail with measured wing
And yet no song ecstatic downward fling ;
What rhythmic law the rushing breeze can bind ?
With flight as eager (critic yet be kind)
The song that gushes from the heart I sing.*

*I hasten with good-will though I be halt,
And visions I have seen if I be blind ;
The voice may quaver, call it not the fault
Of perfect music singing in the mind ;
I do my highest, this my song commend
To all who have a Lover or a Friend.*

SPOKEN IN HIS NAME

*What if the poet can not build at all
With quarried granite cut to plummet's line,
And heart from heart by logic-walls define—
He needeth not to prove the words that fall
Like seed to earth, for life must these forth-call
To endless resurrection, for a sign
Of truth revealed; so may the living vine
Clothe yet with green the crumbling prostrate wall.

As lily-buds unfold, so not by toil,
Or builder's clamor doth he manifest
Eternal truth; he yieldeth God the soil
Of trust and love,—His seed and sun the rest;
Sweep down his flowers if you will, but know:
They die for you, for others they will grow.*

“IN HIS NAME”

A KING'S SON *loquitur.*

My people, brethren of God's Son
Who trod the narrow way of shame
For love of us, nor death would shun
If so be He might make us one
With God, I love you “In, His Name.”

My friend, shut-in, who cannot sing
Of joy, for grief doth lay its claim,
And pain doth visit, wearying,
He sympathizes, and I bring
A face of sunshine, “In His Name.”

And you whose manhood hath been sold
To drunkenness, and lust that came
From lower nature, may unfold
The white flower yet, so I out-hold
A hand to lift you, “In His Name.”

Nor you by guile of man misled,
Whom gentle sisters hold to shame,
Do I condemn, droop not your head,
You fought with hunger, they are fed,
My heart is sorry, “In His Name.”

I loathe the very thought of sin,
 Yet not the vilest dare defame ;
 For daily conquests he may win,
 To higher living enter in
 Than I who help him "In His Name."

But you self-righteous Pharisee,
 Thrusting aside the blind and lame,
 And closing heaven with your key,
 Who flatter self despising me,
 I scorn your judgment "In His Name."

The little children once He blessed
 When to His knees they wondering came ;
 To be like you I think were best,
 With love to every one confessed,
 I love you, love you "In His Name."

HOW BROTHER LAWRENCE* WALKED WITH GOD

I. A CONVERSATION

I'VE WALKED as in His presence since the day
 When first I saw His Wisdom and His Power—
 Eighteen I was ; I stood before a tree
 Stripped of its leaves by winter's ruthless hand,
 And thought how flower and leaf would be re-
 newed,
 And fruit would ripen through the care of One

*Nicholas Herman of Loraine, who became a Lay-Brother among the barefooted Carmelites at Paris in 1666.



Who is the Wise ; and lo ! I was cut loose
From all the world, and filled with love for Him.
Oh, I have ripened in that sun of Love !
I shall be garnered soon, who am four-score,
And I shall see His face whom I have known.

But you—is it a soul-sincere desire
To serve Him too that brings you thus to me ?
Then I will not be wearied howso-oft
You question ; but if otherwise, come not,
For I must seek to do His work alone.

The boisterous soldier-life was mine awhile,
Then awkward footman was I to his grace ;
At last lay-brother 'mong the Carmelites,—
I thought that I should smart for all my faults
Of clumsy finger and slow-moving sense,
Make life and joy a sacrifice to God ;
I thought of penance, He hath given peace,
My cup of life is over-filled with good.

You so would live ? Then tread the way of faith ;
Not fast and prayers, but life of faithfulness ;
More than belief in God, fidelity.
Make love of God the end, for that do all,
If it be only lifting up a straw ;
Be it your business to delight in God.
Of little value do I count the act
Of understanding when with will compared ;
Better is heart to do than head to know ;
Your power divine is love to do His will.

Be frank and simple asking Him to help
In all affairs of life as they may come.
They sent me once to Burgundy for wine ;
The task unwelcome for I was not apt

At making bargains, and besides am lame—
I was about His business, so I said,
Uneasiness was gone, and all came well.
To kitchen work they gave me fifteen years
My nature was averse ; but I could plan
The things required, and how I was to do,
Then be set free to speak to God in prayer
The while my hands were busy in His work.
When business of the hour is finished well
Then thanks are due unto the present God ;
If otherwise, ask pardon, be set right again,
Rise from the fall ; you cannot lose His love.
'Tis thus you learn wherein your weakness is
And boldness gain to seek, and find His strength
More than sufficient for the present need.

Of penance did you ask ? I bid you none ;
I do confess my faults to God, nor plead
Against Him to excuse. What exercise
Or pain of body teaches love to God ?
Go straight to Him by exercise of love
Continually ; this is the shortest way.
The troubled mind doth only need the faith
That God is present, and to be content
In doing all things purely for His sake ;
Let Him be pleased whatever else may come.

I say not either join the brotherhood :
It needeth not set times and discipline
For true devotion ; in your busy life
You can be nearer Him than when retired
For silent hour by some superior set ;
For then will come the fight with wandering
thought.

Let outward business not divert from God,
So shall a fresh remembrance of His love
Invest the soul each hour, and so inflame
The heart with answering love that life is joy.
For duty then take never anxious thought,
Before your need, as in a mirror clear,
God will reveal the way to do His will.

You fear you may be damned? So once did I ;
Four years I suffered in an agony ;
But then I thought : Only for love of God
I came among these brethren, and have sought
Only for Him to act ; so must I do
Whatever comes, if I be lost or saved,
The love of God must ever be my end.—
Then came my life to perfect liberty.

I cannot claim desert, I place my sins
'Twixt me and God as if to tell Him so ;
But yet He blesses me abundantly,
Because He pities with a Father's heart.
No power of mine could e'er efface a sin ;
I do expect, without anxiety,
Their cleansing by the blood of Jesus Christ,
While I with loving heart do follow Him.

The end of life? What else than this,
In spirit and in truth to worship God,
For this will be man's joy eternally.
To truth-enlightened eyes how vile the self,
Ill-humored, sick, so tempted of the wrong ;
By pain and labor, by temptation sore,
It is made humble, and looks up to God
Strength of the weak, and end of all desire.
The soul with highest aspiration filled

So to be perfect as the Father is,
That soul is most dependent on His grace.
If you believe, all things are possible ;
Less difficult unto your hopeful mind,
And easier yet if you have heart of love ;
But let the three be joined and you have found
The way most excellent that leads to God.
And so with tranquil spirit walk therein,
His Presence shall be with you like the sun.

II. A LETTER

I am in pain that you do suffer still;
Yet it doth sweeten pain and grief to know
They're proofs of love ; 'tis God permits
The suffering to purify the soul,
To draw the spirit to His Father-heart.

Take courage, offer all you are to Him,
And even in infirmities adore ;
Ask not deliv'rance, but for strength to bear,
For love of Him, so long as He shall please,
All pains that He shall please. How good it is
With God to suffer, howsoever great
The suffering be, receiving it in love !

If we could only know how much He loves
Who knoweth best what things our need requires,
We should be pleased with all that came from
Him,

Bitter or sweet ; afflictions be they sore,
Are not unbearable save when we guess
Their purpose wrongly, and see not the Hand.

I know if one could hourly realize
His present Love it would alleviate

All bodily disease. As your case is,
Why not leave off the human remedies
And utterly to God resign yourself ?
Maybe He waits your perfect trust in Him
Ere He may cure. 'Twill not be tempting Him ;
Your maladies increase despite your care,
And your physicians have been valueless,
Yourself abandon therefore in His hands ;
Be comforted expecting all from Him.
If pain remain, then love will make it sweet ;
With joy and courage suffer for His sake,
Knowing your Father's love is infinite.

Beseech Him humbly then, as if a child,
To make you to His holy will conformed.
Our greatest joy is this, our highest good,
To love Him equally whate'er He send.
And thus, as knowledge cometh, must you love ;
To know God, then, let your employment be.
Seek Him by faith alone, He is within ;
No elsewhere seek, but cast out all besides
That would possess the heart. The change is
wrought

While we aspire, if we on our part do
But what we can ; so let us live and die
As in His Presence. He will not forsake
Till we forsake ; oh, fear to leave Him then !
Let us be always with Him ! Pray for me
As I to Him for you do pray. Adieu.

This favor from His mercy is, I hope
To see His face within a few days now.*

Yours in the Lord.

*Two days later taken ill he died within the week.

“WHOM WE CALL THE DEAD”

THOSE other living whom we call the dead,
Whose soul in mortal body had its dawn,
And quickened it to beauty, have they gone
To wandering loneliness 'mong shadows dread ?
From earthly house decayed hath each one fled
A straying spirit, organless, and wan ?
Nay not unclothed is he, but clothed upon,
From body new-create his light is shed.

And lo ! our Brother-Friend awaiting stands,
Who life and incorruption brought to light,
To bring us to our house not made with hands,
And in His presence there shall be no night ;
Who, who can fear to cease this faltering breath
And be at home with God ? And this is death !

AN ASTRONOMER'S VIEW

PROVE you immortal, and you will believe ?
In what believe,—in the eternal God ?
Nay Julian, downy-bearded, 'twere not well ;
Yourself must prove all things and hold the good,
Yourself must turn from flux and ebb and change
To changeless realm of the eternal Truth !
But I will tell you, Julian, how I know
Eternal life. Does mother-love need proof ?
Is life discovered by the scalpel's point ?

If one should doubt, will prove by algebra
Or syllogism show him life and love ?
As I know these I know the steadfast rock
That rises 'mid the pulsing waves of time.

Afar from city's fret and strife began
My sojourn on the earth ; I loved the birds
That gave me daily welcome ; felt akin
To every blossom, and half-timidly
Would list the sighing of the pine-trees tall.
A something dwelt in all, I could not tell ;
Its whisper fainted past me now and then,
And forth my soul would leap to catch a word.

Then syllables came to me in the roll
Of music down the dim cathedral aisles ;
I saw in marble wrought by sculptor's hand
A word ; and seemed to hear unuttered thought
Where colors from the pictured canvas glowed.
I felt a presence somehow in them all,
As if I'd known it long ago somewhere ;
Nor thought to call this God, to whom I prayed
At morn and eve, for He dwelt high in heaven.

Wild Nature loved I best, she whispered so
Of something always better than was known
That made me glad ; and patiently I sought
With prying glass and needle-point to find
How life could be : why red blood flowed in man
And green blood in the leaf. I found not this,
But crucible and test and scale revealed
How few the matters Nature hath in store
Wherewith to give her thought appearances,
To build a flower or star, the earth or man ;
And thousand forms, though less than eye can see,

I found all beautiful ; nay more, could trace
Life's energy in flawless moving speck,—
A hundred times I laid the scalpel down,
And bowed my head, o'erwhelmed with, "God is
here,"

As when a child I lay and watched the stars,
And thrilled with wonder thinking, "God is there."

Then turned I from the miracles of life,
In leaf and insect, monad and in man,
Whereby our world in mystery is clothed.
I found the earth upon its course was hurled
A score of miles each click of pendulum,
Through cold of outer space where mercury
Were ten times frozen ; yet hath store of heat
(Else life were not) held by the mantling air,
That miserlike doth grasp its reach of rays
From lavish sun that pour, widespread and free.
Through potency whereof the lofty trees
Are lifted into being ; yea, and we
From field and orchard have our need supplied.
I wonder not that they the sun adored
Who had not known he was a millionth one
'Mong orbs that circle in the universe
Wherein the miracle of power is wrought.

My mind was baffled by immensity,
Stupendous distances, and height and depth
So vast, one shrinks with tremor of a fear ;
But yet the soul is greater than all these,—
With joy expectant of discovery
I knew my right to search the deepest things.

I've marked the sun's corona at eclipse,
Whose pearly light trails forth unnumbered miles

Outward from glory of the chromosphere,
Where heave and toss the rose and crimson fires.
I've measured at the photosphere the heat,
And hold if earth itself should therein fall
'Twould burst to vapor like a flake of snow.
And then his light,—you've been with me I think
Where moaning blast the rigid iron doth fuse.
How dazzling was the pour ! Yet it would be
As mud to milk if it should fall
In some converter, spitting molten steel
From dragon mouth whose breath is blinding
flame.
Than this what brighter can the sense forebode ?
But were the sun of molten steel his light
Five thousand times is brighter now than then ;
Yet can I think the time when like the moon
He shall have shrunk with cold, his radiance spent,
More easily than think I shall not be.

At midnight, when we turn from blazing sun,
And nearer light no more conceals the stars,
How steadfast gleam the lights from those vast
orbs
That numberless the encircling heavens fill ;
And yet our sweeping telescopes have known
That there be myriads the eye sees not.
Nor even here is end ; the camera
Doth gaze at eye-piece, and such feeble rays
As have no recognition from the eye
In hours do print upon its retina
The images of stars beyond our ken.

My hand lies on your shoulder,—if we were
As sun from earth apart, the nearest star,

Say Sirius, is four-score miles away ;
What of the faint-seen stars,—and those beyond ?
Imagination fails, like jaded horse,
The spur not felt, only the weariness,
Ere one can comprehend the uncounted years
And vastness of the star-sown universe.
Yet these must be to God as fleeting mist !
To man they seem eternal, sick of loss
And earthly change, but in millenniums
They wax and wane, the systems shine and die ;
Like wreathèd mist that gathers to a cloud,
Holds glory of the sun, is blown by wind
Or melts away in the untroubled air.

As cloud replaces cloud, so universe,
For time doth have succession endlessly ;
But I who am a spirit stand apart,
I am not held in realm of time and change.
My body is of dust like star and sun ;
The same I would not be if these were not ;
Yet were they not myself I still would know.
The spirit of a man is born a king,
Disdaining bondage of the earthly things ;
And while it seeketh truth can recognize
Its kingliness, forget mortality,
And in the search be timeless, infinite,
So everywhere must find God immanent,
Who is in all, through all, and over all.
Thus finding Him, I yield myself by faith
To all His influence ; as little child
Grows fatherlike because he trusts, so I ;
And knowing God I know eternal life.

You called it, Julian, everlasting life,—
It is not life for endless years I mean,

But life eternal, that which now abides
Imperishably 'neath the show of things.
The living spring may languish in the heat
That earlier had bubbled forth in strength,
But with the seasons cometh never change
To mountain brow that towers above the cloud ;
So endless years, and lives that flow and ebb
Are clouds that vanish to Eternal Life.
The years add naught and nothing take away,
This realm of the Eternal underlies
All that hath been, is now, all that shall be.
Here Time is naught, and Right is everything :
Can Justice have dependence on the years,
Or Truth be altered by the season's change,—
God's power grow feeble like a waning star,
Or I who know Him fade from memory ?

I will not prophesy of those who choose
The dust of this one speck among the worlds
To the Eternal God, who dwells in all ;
But One hath said they build on river sand,
And in the time of wind and rain, the flood
Must sweep away their hope to nothingness.

His words, my Julian, it were well to hear ;
For there be two revealings of one God,
Man born of God, the universe create,—
His Love revealed in one, His Power in one ;
And while you quest the universe in space,
Forget you not the universe in time
Where stars appearing have been souls of men.
Fear not to search through all, for God is there.
But stars have not one glory, neither truths ;
Some are relate to time, they glow and fade,

Each generation hath discoveries,
Yet Truth remains eternal.

Thus He spake
Who was in Son of Man the Son of God ;
And so, 'mong many brethren, as first-born
He standeth forth, the Witness of the truth :—

“ I speak the words of spirit and of life,
The truth I tell you which I heard from God,
And verily I say, who heareth me
And doth believe on Him that sent me *hath*
Eternal life ! ” Mark you, doth enter now !
And they who live in that eternal realm
Are witnesses of God, by truth inspired.
He hath more witness than a single book
Which some do wrangle is the only light ;
For every son of man who dwells in God
Becomes a light, and warms the world with love.

Yet pass not by the Book ; it will inspire,
Yea is eternal for it speaketh truth.
If inspiration were not otherwhere
You well might doubt to find it here alone ;
But if you search the deep philosophies,
The wisdom of the teachers, lowly song
Of bard, ecstatic vision of the seer,
And having known of inspiration thus,
Turn to the Book, white light of fuller truth
Will make your candle-lights grow yellow-dim.

What school to follow ? Blindly turn to none ;
The right of judgment yours, your duty then
To judge ; not all is food the schools would give.
Not truth I offer, better is the search ;
The bird learns not to hang her swaying nest,

Nor bee to build the chambers in the comb,
For in their sphere God maketh them to know ;
But man his mathematic skill doth gain
By search and toil, then measureth the heavens ;
Through hunger seeketh he the bread of life.
Each in its order perfect, rose and bee,
Perfect the bird to know the season's change,
But man is born to work his upward way
To God by seeking the eternal things.

But what's our sojourn worth, if life be shrunk
To limit of the things that pass away,—
Unless we grow, as seed outgrows the earth
And enters realm of sun and balmy air ?
So may we enter the eternal realm,
Not creatures of the tide that die at ebb
Of years, but who imperishably dwell
In Truth and Love, enshrining life of God.

BEAR THINE OWN FRUIT

ONCE a peach tree gazed despondent
At the sky-aspiring pine,
Languid grew with useless wishing,
"Would such towering strength were mine !"
The pine exulted in the sunshine,
Tossed glad tassels to the wind ;
But the peach tree found no gladness,
Drooped with longing, and repined.

In the Autumn when the vinters
Gathered fruitage of the vine,

Still the unhappy peach was wishing,
 "Would such clustered fruit were mine!"
 And the sunlight brought no gladness,
 Only discontent and pain,
 Since the power that others joyed in
 Spite his wish he could not gain.

In the garden walked the Master ;
 "Why thus drooping tree of mine ?
 Though ambitious for the hill-top
 Thou art here by my design.
 Now I prune thy useless branches,
 Lack of power no more bemoan,
 Every fruit thou canst not yield me,
 Be content to bear thine own !"

Spring returned, and now life glowing
 Blossomed out in rosy fire,
 All through summertide he waited
 Happy in his one desire ;
 Till the glad sunlight was prisoned,
 And the dawns were crimsoning
 All his golden spheric fruitage ;
 Then he gave it like a king.

THE CITY OF GOD

My body fell aweary with the strife
 My questing soul did urge with longings fain,
 Seeking in flight to break the earthy chain ;
 To God I cried for life, for higher life.

Down o'er mine eyes the veils of rose-flesh fell ;
The saying last they looked upon did run,
"God is the life of all, and God is one,"
So on the words my dreaming thought did dwell.

Like folded robe my body lay unstirred,
And forth I fled as if with rustling wings,
By music thrilled that every planet sings ;
And I have known what ear hath never heard.

I sped 'mong orbs that wheeled in faint blue light,
I know not how, save that my wings were prayer,
And my desire did launch me as through air,
Until a glory dawned upon my sight :—

A wall more white than moonbeams on the snow ;
Within, there seemed a heart of throbbing light
Than sun at cloudless noon more dazzling bright ;
Beneath, a rainbow's iridescent glow.

My course the spirit swerved till overhead
The city stood ; dull red of jasper's glow
Did hide the glory, and descended so
As if a crimson plain around me spread.

Faces of pain beside me scarce were seen,
When sapphire shadow made a twilight blue,
Whence faces calm looked forth ; then brightness
ness grew,
Chalcedony's dim whiteness, pure-serene.

Methought I traversed then an emerald plain,
With faces full of hope and rest ; but lo,
A change came swift, and in sardonyx glow
White pureness mingled with the red of pain.

Now grew the light like jasper purified,
As blood-red sard the dawn of blessedness ;
Each face such love triumphant did confess,—
"Here heaven is begun in love," I cried.

But straightway higher yet the spirit willed,
Where golden flushed the green of chrysolite,
And pale blue beryl like the sky was bright,
And topaz shone with sunlike rapture filled ;

Where found each other in the chrysoprase
Azure and flame,—and so the faces shone
As if 'mid peace eternal dawn were known
Of God's exultant joy, that held their gaze.

Higher I rose to greet the purple glow,—
Words fail, as water-drops to build a tower;
The jacinth told of royal Love and Power
Past understanding, yet I felt and know.

With pulsing waves I felt the purple thrilled
To gleams ineffable of amethyst ;
The faces near like dying men who list
The music of the heavens, rapture-filled.

A moment more, my dazzled eyes grew dim,
Unending high uprose the wall of white ;
I gazed, the myriad stones so flashing bright
Were flitting cherubs, white-robed seraphim.

So rhythmic-musical they moved, methought
To catch the strain ; but hearing died in sight,
For one came nigh so spotless robed in white,
With face so calm, all else my sense forgot.

With folded hands she came, and downcast eyes ;
Where had I known the same child-happy grace ?
She gazed ; I knew ; then radiant grew the face,
And ours was joy of souls that recognize.

Moments—or ages—passed ; “ Declare,” I said,
“ The mystery of colors, how I came
Up to the light through first the jasper flame
And last where amethyst its glory shed.”

“ Behold then how the rainbow pulses beat
From violet, etherial, intense,
More slow at last to red, as if with sense
Of earthly presence that the waves defeat ;

“ So pulseth ever love to all from God,
And while from earthly love he turns man knows
Of suffering, but love in pureness grows
To ecstasy, that burns out from the clod.

“ The city hath foundations, and above
The perfect light is throbbing from the throne ;
Man dwells on earth to lay each precious stone
Of his foundation, till he build to Love.”

“ We passed the gate, the peace did hold my heart,
A boundless tide of joy my being filled ;
Harmonious grown with light, my spirit thrilled,
I was as great as all, and yet a part.

Now faint and far the strains of joy forth-broke ;
“ God is our life, and we who love are one—”
Fading her voice, a darkness had begun :
O Death, O Loss, O Bondage !—I awoke.

MY PAST

I stood before a portal vast
Wherein I knew there lay my past,
And Memory swung it wide, aghast,
Whenas I bade her let me to my palace-room.
I thought of robes of honor fair,
Garments of praise and jewels rare
Worn by my good deeds living there ;
But lo ! I shuddered, for I stood as in a tomb.

The robes decayed with wet and mould,
Like cerements did my deeds enfold,
And tarnish lay upon the gold,
Within the void I was the only living thing !
With newborn shame my face was flushed,
Forth to life's day again I rushed,
My loud-voiced pride forever hushed ;
And from my boasted past myself is all I bring..

SORROW

So long he walked a desert bleak and bare
No added grief could rouse him to surprise ;
And one was with him in unseemly guise,
Yet gentle-voiced, who led him from despair ;
He knew her mantle hid a face most fair,
He felt the veillèd glory of her eyes,
And in the luxury of glad surmise
Forgot his weariness and all his care.

At length uprose a portal dark before,—
“I lead thee to the truth ; its joy is thine ;”
Then light burst forth whenas she swung the door,
And so celestially her face did shine
His heart was thrilled, and then he turned to go
Joyward reluctant, for he loved her so.

AN EXPOSTULATOR OVERHEARD

Hither and forth by night and morn
Fly the shuttles in Nature’s loom ;
From God the spirit of life is born,
But yet they weave, in a hidden room,
A robe the life to adorn.

And lo, when spirit and form unite,
The soul of a man before Him stands ;
“Born of a woman,” to human sight,
But yet as a gift from the Father’s hands
Have come both the life and light.

You mourn that the bodily powers abate ?
‘Tis a sign the spirit is nearing a birth,
For this life in the flesh can be but a state ;
It is well with the soul,—what’s the body worth ?
Speak thus ; and reiterate !

An apocalypse will come, you will see ;
Why should the hope of it bring you dismay ?
I glory the rather in that which shall be,

When the dross and the slag shall be cleft away
From the indivisible me.

But what is this "me" that men argue about—

Who of them all knows what is in man ?

Yet a scheme they define, and the hesitant flout,

Who thinketh God hath not so narrow a plan,—
They have settled the question, no doubt !

They seek to discern but the trace of a sin,

Its genus and species they gravely discuss ;
And then with entomologist pin

They prick me fast to their card, and thus
I'm classed with iniquitous kin.

It is true I am crusted with wrong that I hate,

But the law that I love how can they see ?
This love will increase, and the error abate,

Till the crust shall vanish ; and what will it be,
That entity ultimate ?

So, after all, 'tis a larger task

To settle the question of me and mine ;
From God seek the answer ; of man do not ask,
What is the "me" he cannot define,
For the person he knows is a mask ;

Behind, undivided, the being, the whole

Whose limit or power is never proclaimed ;
Through Time it is one of the spheres that roll.

Your vapors may be described and named,
But you cannot define a soul.

From God it came, invisible fire ;

He alone sees through and around the sphere.

And that which shall come of my pregnant desire ;
To man's dim vision how can it appear,
The thing to which I aspire ?

Yet, there's one who can see, for a friend I greet
Who's a prophet and more in his thought of
goodwill,
He knows that my soul shall the self defeat,
Till Love from centre to limit shall thrill
And in God I become complete.

Of Him is the soul, a heavenly spark ;
The Spirit breathes that it shine more bright,
To evidence Him 'mid the world's gross dark,
By Love's warm glow, and by Faith's pure light—
But ah, how we miss the mark !

We all seek a best ; but snares are set.
Who are they that despise the fallen one's plight ?
He is learning through evil what good is ; and yet
He would cease to do ill, and joy in the right,
If he knew but their alphabet.

Though he strive more in failing than they to succeed,
Yet his fall, or a slip, they name it a sin,—
But the striving at last to glory will lead ;
Uncrowned of the world, by his love he may win
God's crown of life for his meed.

They condemn for one error who never have tried
To aim their own lives at the noblest mark ;
And the seeker condemn with arrogant pride
Because with their little measure, and arc,
He can not be satisfied.

But, if love for the Father his heart possess,
And love for his brother be shown in his deed,
And they still condemn for the more or the less
Of doctrine they find in his variant creed,
Hate they not without cause ? Confess !

The King's design—they know it so well !—
Is to gather a courtier here and there,
Who amid palatial joys may dwell
In light ; while blackness of all despair
For the multitude in hell.

They are His courtiers, so they say ;
And proudly from the touch they shrink
Of the sinner who walks the same highway ;
Accursed of God is he, they think,
But themselves in favor alway.

A king there was who sought the best
For him who was saddest and most in need ;
And the few he chose were to help the rest
By loving word, and by helpful deed,
That the kingdom might be blessed.

Is the King of all less wise than he ?
He chooseth not a narrow sect ;
But so all people his love may see,
From every tongue there are some *select*
Who channels of love shall be.

They are not the elect, with the satisfied air,
And the frown of contempt for the poor and the
weak,
But they who have bowed in Gethsemane-prayer ;

And though, from the world, bread only they seek,
The scorn-hurtled stone is their share.

By the load they have borne, by the languor and
 pain,

They learn to be one with the great human
 heart ;

Dethroning ambition, they open a fane

 For the Spirit of God ; and of true life a part
For humanity dying they gain.

And thus they lay down their lives for their friends,
 For all they count friends of their help who
 have need.

Their love makes for enemies' hatred amends ;
 And abode with the Father-love will be their
 meed,

When on earth all their love-labor ends.

So, 'tis best to defer. What is there to show
 To man the hidden springs of the heart ?
God knows where the fountains of true love flow ;
 We'll discern, I am sure, when the shadows
 depart,
More of God's sons than we know.

1888.

The rivers hasten to their ocean rest,—
 As to their channels tributaries run,
So men, from north and south and east and west,
 Shall come to peace, by brother-love made one.

GIFTS IN SLEEP

Thy building thou wouldest have all men extol,
 But it is God alone can edify,*—
 With endless skill thine art thou mayest ply,
 With peering eyes search ancient law and scroll,
 And mete thyself of sleep a meagre dole,
 Rising to toil at dawn with deep-drawn sigh,
 Taking so late thy rest, but not thereby
 Comes growth and life's enlargement to thy soul.

Why do thy wakeful burning eyes refuse
 The balm and healing of His nightly dews?
 For growth and strength what need to pray
 and weep
 When it is thine if thou wilt only choose?
 Rest in His love, no weary vigil keep,
 "He giveth unto His beloved in sleep!"

LIVING

'Tis wasteful building castles in the air,
 And of what good may hap to make surmise;
 Think thou in thine own life what can be fair,
 And so to have it let thy heart devise.

Wealth be for thee in narrowing of need;
 And as a gift from God thy Father's hand

* Note the derivation of this word, and compare Psalm cxxvii.

Take thou all good that comes, not as thy meed,
So thou His perfect peace shalt understand.

Thine art be thy reward ; seek thou no name,
Lest, like Icarus flying to the sun,
Thy waxen wings of temporary fame
Shall melt away and life be all undone.

Make thine ideal sacred, follow thou,
And for her sake do never less than best ;
With gold and gem she will not crown thy brow
But with twined olive-leaves of calm and rest.

Not for mere wages of thy work to seek,
But rather wages of true life to choose,—
This is the better part man may bespeak
And so have gain wherein he seems to lose.

THE CRIPPLE

Oh yes, I get tired of the heat, of counting the flies
on the wall,
For the fields are green outside, I can see through
the open door ;
The children shout at their play and I'd like to
answer their call,
But here I am just as happy, why Mother, I
think, far more !

If I were to run and play would I talk so much
with God ?

Do you know, He sits beside me, just as Father
used to do,—

You went last night where he lies, are the flowers
come up in the sod ?

Was it not good of "our Father" that He should
have left us you ?

You make my brow so cool when you wipe the
drops away,

And then when you turn the pillow it feels so
fresh to my head ;

With your fingers smoothing my hair,—O Mother,
you must not say,

"Poor boy, I pity you, dear ; I would bear the
pain instead."

Put your head low down, on my breast, (I'd rather
not look in her eyes)

Why, don't you remember saying that I was the
son of a King ?

It's the people who make mistakes, who have fallen
and will not rise,

You know we must pity them ; but I have of
joy to sing.

'Twould be worse than lost in the desert, I think,
if I had not known,

But now in a beautiful room of his palace He
makes me dwell ;

And I feel the love so near, yet as if but the half
were shown,

Like Jem with a book to read who has only
learned to spell.

From the others he takes me away to make me His
very own ;

Perhaps, don't you think... when you pity... 'tis
as if the King could do wrong ?

It is hard enough to bear, but he leaves me never
alone,

What is the text—you know it—the one about
"night" and a "song" ?

He seems so tender at night, you know I have you
all the day ;

He has promised me strength when I languish, so
I ask Him to make my bed,

For sometimes I think it is hard, and I wish the
night were away,

Then I seem to be lifted a moment to rest in
His arms instead.

You think of the weight at my foot when you wake
with the pulley's creak,

And I hear your dear voice calling, "You are not
at rest, my boy ;"

My heart would like to explain, but it's not the
time to speak,

I say, "I am not asleep," but I mean, "awake for
joy."

For the Shepherd comes so near that I feel his
arms enfold ;

He whispers about "Our Father," and how He
has loved the sheep,— [told ?

Oh, love of the heavenly Father, how can it ever be
When He speaks so clear, O Mother, 'twould be
sacrilege to sleep !

EVIL

As senseless as the brine-soaked log
That night and day, through shine and fog,
Hears not the endless dialogue
Between the moaning ocean and the spirit breeze,
So is the man who cannot hear
The sighs and prayers that like a mere
The human soul unto God's ear
Doth raise, the while He answers back in har-
monies.

“The good is weak and evil strong,
Feast well to-day, we die ere long,”
Thus doth he sing his hopeless song
Who findeth not God's fire within the human clay ;
He knoweth not at His behest
That good may come in shadow dressed,
And men call evil what is best,—
For stings are good which drive from darkness to
the day.

Of good there is no mine or thine,
The source of all is the Divine,
Who worketh not by undesign ;
The wrong our self createth He for good can sway ;
And where our sin is growing rife
By evil, like a pruning knife,
'Tis death He severeth, not life,
And fruitful branches gain by withered cut away.

A SONG OF THE DAWNING

MEN, my brothers, noble-hearted, ye who are,
have been, shall be,

Ye who hate the thought ignoble, ye whose com-
rades are the free,

Greeting send I o'er the ages, holding to you joy-
ous hands,

For redemption draweth nearer from all adver-
sary-bands,

And the message of glad-tidings bringeth peace
to all the lands.

Lo, an army is advancing, not with beat of throb-
bing drum,

Not with banners proudly waving do the happy
myriads come,

But their hearts athrob with loving, eyes with love
that shine sincere ;

And they sing aloud in anthem that the rule of
peace is here,

Swords are beaten into ploughshares, into pruning-
hooks the spear.

War is over and forgotten, relic of a savage age,
Man hath learned to help his brother, not to slay
him in his rage ;

And the loving hearts that taught him, mother,
sister, daughter, wife,

Saved him from his lust and avarice, never falter-
ed in the strife,

Enter with him the millennium, into newness of
true life.

O ye saviours of the world, slain by sword, or held
in chains,
Ye of whom earth was not worthy, yet from whom
her highest gains,
Ye who were the Lord's anointed, fruit of travail
ye shall see ;
What and if ye bore the torture, Truth is born of
agony,
And behold, the morning breaketh of the day ye
said would be !

Even now the light-spires dazzle and the note of
Hope is heard,
Man is learning God's new language, building let-
ters to a word ;
And the counsels men have darkened come like
jewels flashing bright
As he trusts the voice within him and the Spirit
gives him sight ;
And the promise nears fulfilment that the world
shall see the light.

Then the hell of creed-born hatreds shall no long-
er fume and smoke,
Nor the wolfish-eyed self-seeker hide him with
religion's cloak ;
For to men shall come the kingdom, and within
their hearts shall be
Love enthroned for God the Father, and for all
men charity ;—
So the light-filled drops together are a wide exul-
tant sea.

Then the tumult of the teachers shall have heard
God's " Peace be still,"
For that men shall know of doctrine as they do
the Father's will,
As for righteousness they labor, setting heaven's
kingdom first ;
And the mothers shall be honored who the hero-
men have nursed,
Shall not know of man as tyrant nor by slavery be
cursed.

Let us help emancipation and the time of mercy,
when,
• 'Mong the rulers in our councils shall be mothers
of us men,—
Open harem and zenana ; where the shadows over-
brood
Woman held plaything or captive, teach that God
sends equal good,
Equal freedom, equal honor, by the right of *Human-*
hood.

First, redemption of the body, lest the truth be
held in scorn ;
Every soul its earthly birthright, to be well and
nobly born,—
Then like Queens shall be the daughters, and the
sons to Heroes grow.
Limbs be fair, and joints be supple, highest thought
the faces know,
And the white flame of the spirit in a holy temple
glow.

Ye who hold each man a brother, for the brother-
love of Christ,
Who with clear-eyed Purity do keep in heart a
daily tryst,
Let me grasp the hand fraternal, one in love and
service we ;
Now, as in a mirror darkly, face to face we yet
shall see ;
Fellow-workers with the Father, let us fellow-
helpers be !

UNDERTONES

*While bird-song makes the wild-wood echoes ring,
None but the poet heareth, low, the cry
Of some pathetic voice, that may not vie
To swell the song, but undertone doth sing ;
And when from rocky cavern echoing
The chorus of the waves doth swell and die,
Their dirge and pæan, song of mirth and sigh,
In perfect chord he heareth marrying.*

*'Tis his to know what meanings interblend
With words and cadence of the song of life ;
The heart of man he knoweth as a friend,—
Good in his wildness, kindness in his strife,—
Vaster than ocean's moaning, he hath known
Within one human soul the undertone.*

A VOICE READING

Winter was moaning, 'gainst the pane was sifted
Dust of the snow, and welcome was the fire ;
Then blazed the sunlight o'er the snowfields
drifted,
Dimmed on the hearth the leaping flame's desire.

Flowers by the window in his beams were glowing,
Crimson the cactus 'neath the fronded palm,
Sparse-leaved hibiscus stars of red flame showing;
White shone the lily, happy in her calm.

Entered a lady, children trooping after,
Gathered them birdlike, blossoms made the nest;
Gladder the room with sound of merry laughter,
Even the flame purred, happiness confess.

“Sintram” the tale (by kind old German Fouqué)
How love and faith the clouds of sin dispel,—
Level as a prairie, here and there a bouquet,
Love of Sir Folko, love of Gabrielle.

Ah, subtle voice, whose melody was filling
Joy-rich the room, like song of waking bird,
Lo, all his being answered to your thrilling,
Trembled as lute when singer's voice is heard.

Dreaming he heard of spear on armor clashing,
 Charged forth exultant, mingled with the fight,
 Proud in the forefront swift his brand was flashing,
 Gift of the queen who made him her true knight.

Hair coiled of golden crowned her with a glory,
 Queen by divine right, all men homage paid ;
 He but an esquire, 'twas like fairy story
 When by her hand the accolade was laid.

HIS FIRST TOURNEY REMEMBERED

A knight new-made, with untried blade,—
The heralds gave the word ;
The Queen was there, 'mid faces fair,
But mist mine eyesight blurred.
With fear, I entered slowly,
I bowed before her lowly,
I felt her presence holy,
Courage anew then thrilled me ;
I dared to look,
She smiled.

My heart that had been wild with love,
Yea oft had been beguiled with love,
Became the heart of a child, with love
As pure as crystal brook.

Then vanished fear, my sight grew clear,
A strong arm swung my brand ;
She gave the prize, she hath heaven-blue eyes,
My lips have touched her hand.
What knight, though he be hoary,
Gained ever greater glory ?
More famous who, in story ?

*While wonder of it filled me
 Flowed forth delight
 In song ;
 His good sword rights the wrong, for love,
 His pure heart brims with song, for love,
 Who 'mid the loyal throng, for love,
 Is the pure Queen's trusted knight.*

Sudden, like sleeper from a dream, he started,
 Listened the words and cadence of the voice,
 Heard of Montfaucon, ever loyal-hearted,
 Loving so purely, angels might rejoice.

Straightway he dreamed the lover's holy passion,
 Gabrielle visioned with the inner sight,
 Sought, in his mood, some lover-song to fashion,
 Sung to his lady by the blameless knight.

SONG OF SIR FOLKO

*What were the fight worth,
 If thou wert not caring ?
 What were thy knight worth
 If thou wert not sharing,
 With heart throbbing eager, his noble emprise ?
 He is braver than ten, through the love in thine eyes !*

*What would be fame worth,
 If thou wert not caring ?
 What were my name worth
 If thou wert not sharing
 The glory without thee I ne'er would desire ?
 I but utter and do what thou dost inspire.*

*What were the strife worth,
If thou wert not caring ?
What would be life worth
If thou wert not sharing,
My Sunlight, my Love-Queen, its every delight ?
'Twas dark ere thy dawning, now evermore bright !*

Singing, his heart was for the moment gladdened ;
What if such pleading should be not in vain ?
But, like the cold wind, came the truth that saddened,—
Firm-pressed the pale lips, silent with their pain.

Yet in his heart the dulcet name was rhyming,
Seemed as of right belonging to the voice ;
While from the village came a slow bell's chiming,
Joined with the tone that made each pulse rejoice.

GABRIELLE

*'Tis the sound of a silver-toned bell :
Gabrielle,—
And a gladness the chime doth foretell,
Gabrielle ;
As music that thrilled once, floats back to the mind,
And tells of a joy yet to grasp, yet to find,
So thy name seems to come on the wind,
Gabrielle !*

*I find in its musical swell,
Gabrielle,
A charm evil passions to quell,
Gabrielle ;*

*When I utter thy name all the might is destroyed
 Of the gibbering shapes in the dark that annoyed,
 And they flit back again to the void,
 Gabrielle !*

*Thy name holds my heart by a spell,
 Gabrielle,
 In my life the sweet music shall dwell,
 Gabrielle ;
 As one with a vision celestial in sight,
 The vision of love hath redoubled my might,
 And my eyes mirror heavenly light,
 Gabrielle !*

What if on earth his love be unrequited,
 He die forgot, nor know the fond caress,
 Quote not the world, that so the life is blighted ;
 God's gift of love doth ever come to bless !

Subtle its fire, the passions low have perished,
 Opened to heaven, holy is the fane ;
 She who hath entered, purity hath cherished,
 Go if she must, can memory be slain ?

A CONFESSION

*My soul was turbulent and strong,
 Like river-flood that roars along
 Besouled with all its victories ;
 What was a shame, I counted praise,—
 Thou knewest not those evil days,
 Gabrielle !*

*For thou hadst power such peace to make,
 As if the stream became a lake*

*Wherein the foulness fell from sight.
Till through and through might gleam the
light ;
With thee my soul doth walk in white,
Gabrielle !*

*Within my heart thou mayest look,
Naught from thee hides, in farthest nook ;
One mirrored there thou mayest see
To whom obedient I must be,—
For thy commands are worthy thee,
Gabrielle !*

Childlike you crave to have the story ended,
Hold fast my fingers lest I close the book,—
How can I tell of love and pain that blended
Under the surface, where no eyes may look ?

Yet it is mine to magnify Love's glory,
Make all the world to fall in love with Love ;
Hear then my song, your ending of the story,—
Endless for them, whose life is from above.

“Truthfully,” wrote she ;
And thus began the bond,
For naught in truth could he
But “Faithfully” respond.

“In thee I put my trust—”
Her head upon his breast ;
“Thy love is my heart's rest,
If I fail, heaven must !”

She kissed him on the brow,
And made him her true knight ;
Then flashed his sword in light,
And Heaven heard the vow :

“No power can e'er divide
My maiden from my side ;
No enemy can mar,
My good sword reacheth far ;
King Death can not dispart,
For we are pure in heart,
And God for endless life
Hath made us man and wife !”

Thus heaven on earth they gain,
Since “True and Loving” she ;
Immortal are the twain,
For “Always Faithful” he.

SUNRISE

Dim-gray is the sky ere the morning-dawn,
Ere the flower of day unfold ;
The starry gleams of the night are gone,
And the morning wind blows cold.
But whence yon gleam of joy that came
To the earth that looked wan and old ?
Lo, a flower-heart of burning flame,
And petals of shining gold !

Asleep, asleep, was a maiden's heart,
In a star-lit dream she lay,
Till hands in the silence drew apart
The veil of the cloud wreaths gray ;
A joyous start, a throb, a thrill,
Then she awoke straightway—
In her glorified life is no darkness or ill
Since burst into bloom the day.

EXPOSTULATION

Callest it "duty,"
So wilt not come ?
Fading is beauty,
Lips will grow dumb.

Youth comes but one time,
Joy in it, Dear ;
Now is thy sun-time,
Blossoms are here.

Spring smiles in gladness,
Why, Love, delay
Till in dim sadness
Thou seekest lost May ?

"To Spring-woods hastening
Showers may drip ?"
Youth hath for wasting
Warmth at the lip !

Braving the showers
Fear thou no chill ;
Sunlight and flowers
Follow "I will."

Prudence cold-hearted
Shivering at fire,
Would keep us parted,
Quench out desire.

Then, be together,
Head bowed with head—
Autumn's chill weather,
Youth's passion dead.

Grand-dame hath kindness,
Wise for the past ;
Wiser is blindness,
Love first and last !

A STORY IN THREE VOICES

I. IN A PARLOR

One's bad luck comes like a turn in the tide ;
At the archery meet, when a point would do,
My luck to lose the prize for our side ;
I was sure of a centre at least when I drew,
But, how could I make a wide ?

And then, that lover I thought to win,
My luck to make just as bad a miss ;

The spice of the game is the taste of sin—
In a madhouse you said ? I thought not of
this ;
How dreadful a place to be in !

It is gay to hold in your hand a heart ;
He trusted me, had no other way.
Loved her ? I've seen a teardrop start
When I told that she spoke of him once in a
day,
While the cold fates held them apart.

She was taken over the sea to forget ;
No word to him, but my pen was free.
He taught me his love,—'twere a prize to get ;
Why send such rare gold across the sea ?
Let her find more there, and yet . . .

He met my friend in his courteous way ;
Why, grown attentive, so soon, 'twas plain !
Was merely kind, but easy to say,
The parting past, had outgrown the pain ;
Men always can do that way.

What if to die of their love they swore,
And if in a year they were wed, what sin ?
I had no mind for the three or four
So fair-cheeked apples, some worm within ;
But this, that was sound to the core—

She first,—but what if the first be lost—
Better the second may be i' the end ;
Of her vagrant joys does he count the cost,
What will he say to some wondering friend
She may greet with her hair all tossed ?

But I wrote a hint more plain than was need
Of my friend and him, and the way of men,
Which her mother saw, let her vainly plead—
The husband is not what he might be, when
The pride of the house you read.

His grief was wild as a tempest gust,
But then the sooner to overblow ;
A year would I wait, I thought, if I must—
Insane you said ? How could I know
Such prick were a deadly thrust ?

The best will mistake— there 's a knock at the
door !
O the gorgeous flowers ! And a note ! Just
think :
“My dear one—loving you more and more—”
A boat will do if your proud ship sink ;
But I used to count him a bore.

'Tis Hamlet to-night ; dear me, he has deigned
To ask us both—you 're tired, are you not ?
You would not care to see madness feigned !
Well, I—such a shock my poor nerves have
got—
Really need to be entertained !

II. IN A CELL

They know I must open my windows wide
For the song of birds and the scent of the trees.
I starve for the light that I see outside ;
Could that be a wild-beast's voice that cried ?
'Tis well I am fenced by the bars from these.

In the sunset glow I sat—last night—
And my heart to God in a rapture went ;
A letter, they laid it down in my sight,
Let me add its wealth to my soul's delight—
Maybe she has written to give consent !

But what ? I am “fickle as well as vain—”
My friend tells whom I am trying to wed—
She is glad that “now there will be no pain,”
For soon by one come of ancient strain
From the altar steps will my Love be led—

Quick, from the window leap, for there
They will do a crime in a holy name !
Out in the churchyard the guests prepare,
So still they stand, so white they stare,
Do they guess how this is a deed of shame ?

O life-long link to a corpse that ties,
For the white flame of God escaped long
since—
My pure one thus to the foul for a prize,
They are ghouls to delight in the sacrifice—
“Love, honor, obey—” did I see her wince ?

Loud, loud, “I forbid !” But he turns with a
sneer,
Away from the throng he has dragged her
hand ;
Ho, follow and slay me that devilish leer !
She is mine, never his ; by the gods, do you hear ?
Like silent fools do the white guests stand !

I ran—how was it, a blow, or a fall ?
O weathercock brain that the wild thoughts
twirl !
Why this is the church ; but where are they all ?
Ho, sexton, need you a louder call ?
What more than myself 'gainst the door to
hurl !

'Twas enough to make any true man rave,
They had made a cage, but it lacked a bar,
And this my friend in her letter gave ;
So they made my queen of the world a slave—
I could climb, to save her, from star to star !

You will never again do so foul a thing ;
I have twisted to death that fair false throat,
As the huntsman the neck of his bird doth wring
Ere it rustle away on a broken wing—
Could my fall so tear into shreds my coat ?

Did I think to kill ? Nay, it is not mine ;
Vengeance belongeth, O God, to thee ;
Pardon thy child in thy love divine—
Oh, there is my Love, and her garments shine !
She sails in a cloud, from over the sea.

*The bells they ring,
Ding-dong, dong-ding ;
The bells they clash in a joyful chime !
Her dear hands cling,
And my heart doth sing ;
Let the world be glad for our wedding-time !*

*The slow bells toll,
God rest her soul !
Weep tears, all the earth ; let the ocean moan !
Oh, the bitter dole,
Death take the whole,
'Tis a worse than death if I live alone !*

Let me forth to her grave, just there, outside ;
Too early is ringing that morning chime,
Ere the girls bring flowers that she loved, my
Bride,
In their bloom again my face I would hide,
And thank God there, for our happy time.

How have they bolted this oaken door—
The window there, but how will I climb ?
This table somehow is fast to the floor ;
Burst you, twist you, one wrenching more—
O breath of the world at morning time !

Bless God for the light, and his gift of eyes ;
For the green field's peace, and the dawn's red
spears ;
For the diamond sea under cloudless skies,
Like an opal under the night it lies—
'Tis the roar of the sea that sounds in mine
ears.

*I sing by the waves of the glancing sea
A song of joy for the love I know ;
A morning song by the sunlit sea,
To the splash of the waves, as they ebb and flow.*

*The waves were strong and their hearts were bold
 Last night, when the shrieking wind did blow ;
 They thought my life was a prey to hold—
 But, what of the sea and its undertow !*

*I smile, and sing by the loud sea-shore
 My song of joy for the love I know,
 My deathless song by the loud sea-shore,
 For my loving never can ebb and flow ;
 The sea will be gone like a drop sun-dried,
 And the rocks in their sea-green calm below
 Will melt in the fire when the earth hath died ;
 But I never can change, I have loved thee so !*

Up from the sea flies a bat-winged shape
 With cold hawk-eyes of the cruel heart ;
 That yell again ?—from the beak agape—
 There 's the twang of a bow—is there no escape ?
 O letter blood-dabbled that feathered the dart !

*Moan, moan, moan,
 Far out in the night, O Sea !
 Mourn thy grief to a thousand shores,
 Wrestle with fate when the tempest roars—
 Yet thou art a babe to me.*

*Thy night will pass ; in the sunlight thou
 Wilt prattle again in glee ;
 Forever my trembling lips must moan,
 So old my life with a grief is grown.
 Thou art only a babe, O Sea !*

Mine eyes are like deserts of crusted brine,
 In the glare of the thought that flames in me ;
 Burst, skull, give birth—this world is mine,
 Its ocean has deeper voice than thine ;
 In thy cool wave dabble my hands, O Sea !

How cold my hands, and my head is a flame—
 Ah, cold with grasping the steely bars !
 Tear, twist me their strength from the cut-stone
 frame,
 Wrench with might of a score who are dreading
 a shame—
 O God, for the peace of the patient stars !

Leap down, for there on the couch she lies—
 Her hand to my cheek, let me kiss it again ;
 The veils have fallen o'er Juliet's eyes,
 In this Capulets' vault where the daylight dies,
 And sound-shadows come of the tread of men..

Open thy door into life, sweet Death,
 To the love fulfilled that our hearts desired !
 All things for good He fashioneth—
 More air ! but what do I need of breath ?
 Let me sleep, by her side—O God—so tired !

III. IN A BOUDOIR

I will not go down ; my guests have gone ;
 You may say, with truth, I am indisposed—
 I 'll do for his game if they 're short of a pawn,
 For the rest must suffer with tense lips closed ;
 Let them revel there till the break of dawn !

That is naught for them of a line so proud ?
He has given me place ? Others envy me ?
Is it much to be first in a hated crowd,
When I love the woods, and the royal sea ?
O bridal veil, had you been my shroud !

For my best you chose ? For your own self, too,
But best of brazen, and gold to be had ;
When he learns of it all, what, what will he do ?
For a day or two, you suppose, he 'll be sad ;
But Mother, what if, in the end, he be true ?

My husband comes of an ancient race,
And he boasts of his wife to the guests that
meet ?
Yes, proud of his purchase that 's fair in the face—
He has fouled the life that I held so sweet,
O Death, how I loathe his every embrace !

Last night I crouched by the stair and heard
Something he said about neck and limb,
And then a whisper, I caught no word,
But the coarse laugh broke— a curse be on
him
And the gaudy cage where he snared the bird !

The splendor you share, but the pain is mine,
The heart that fails, and the trembling lip—
Yet you say : Be brilliant ! He bids me not
pine—
If his horse should lag there 's the sting of the
whip,
So I whom he bought, in his house must "shine" !

A paper sent? Let me see who are dead;
Happy are they—bad news, I fear,
This paragraph marked with a cross of red:
“A saddest case—in a bright career—
Ill news had come, and—out of his head—”

O merciful God, he was true, so true—
False wretch that I am! Read that, I say;
I have lost my all—is there gain to you?
Did you gamble for this? Leave me! Quick,
obey!
Your daughter? Yes, but a woman, too!

Quick, fasten the door,—be alone, or I shriek
And rouse that fiend from his stupor of wine—
O pictured lips, forgive! Oh, speak!
Cruel, hard, O God, is this law of Thine,
So much to suffer for once to be weak!

I remember once that we walked the sands,
And a rose-gray veil joined heaven and sea—
This pain in my breast, like a dart; O hands,
Could you hold him there for a moment
'twould be
The one physician my hurt demands!

On my knees, till I feel that my grief is cast
On the Burden-Bearer; he bade me go,
My Lover—can he forgive the past?
'Tis his face, so near, in a heavenly glow!
In the light—my Love—together—at last!

THE SONGS OF TWO

I. HEARD AT SUNSET

The sun's red light streams over the sea,
On his path of glory my love sails on—
My love sails on, and over the sea
To the brave heart far where the sun will dawn,
Who can dim the sun with his love for me.

O red Sun, look to me over the sea,
If only my love burnt as cold as thou !
As cold as thou flaming over the sea—
Men call thee a fire, and worshipers bow,
But cold as a stone to the love-flame in me.

II. THE ANSWER AT DAWN

O Messenger-Sun from over the sea,
Who hast looked on the face of my love for me,
On the face of my love who is over the sea,
And yet, knowest naught of our life to be—
For thou wilt shrink to a cinder cold,
Like the white ghost-moon that flits on high,
Ere a page or two of the life unfold
Which we win by our loving, she and I.

O glittering Sun in thy glory of gold,
Proudly thy red cloud-mantle sway,
Thy red cloud pierced by glory of gold—
Love's glory shall dazzle thine fading away !
For the white flame leaps in one heart for me,
And my pure love flames to her over the sea ;
As thine to the dead moon our glory shall be,
Which we win by our loving, I and she !

A NOCTURNE

NO. VI, BY CHOPIN

Struggle and fight and torture-pain,
Yearnings intense of fevered brain,
Anguish of love, foreboding fear,
The aching eye that hath no tear—
Like a star from its orbit hurled away,
My soul hath no anchor, path or stay,
But is filled with surging of wild unrest,
With a motley legion of thoughts I detest ;
From these shall I never have surcease ?

Is there no peace ?

The captive held by clanking chains
Hath hope while spark of life remains ;
And even I, in my bondage dread,
Erewhile had hope, but the light is fled ;
In a horror of darkness I grope and grope,
Where is there hope ?

Out of the depths I blindly cry ;
If there be a God, he will let me die.
But, lo, I hear, and it stills my pain,
My prayer sounds back with a soothing strain !
With hope I pray, and the strain grows strong,
Sounding forth like a triumph song ;
I reach the heights of heaven above,—
There must be Love !

Though I fall again, though in hell I lie,
I shall rise forthwith, I will not die !

Spectral fear hath been driven away,
I shall rise to Love, since for love I pray ;
The yearning of heart shall be all fulfilled.
But, as a child whose grief is stilled
Convulsive sobs on the mother's breast,
From the midst of hopefulness and rest
I hear the after-sob of pain,—
 One minor strain.

A WOMAN OF THE AGE

THE one whom I love, is she "fair," you said ?
 As the lily pure, as the queenly rose ;
She doth the world of women surpass
As these are fair to the trodden grass.
 "Like every lover?" Ah well, who knows,
I shall speak unlike, ere my lips be dead.

How could they sing what mine eyes can see,
 Fairer than dreamers of dreams e'er guessed !
"That is my dream?" But nay, I know ;
 A century long does the aloe grow,
Years of the leaf, but the flower is best—
She is the bloom of the age-grown tree.

That Venus—there, by the window ledge ;
 Marble is better than bronze, I know,
No sharp-cut lines of the shadow-edge,
 But a melting into the light, as though
The radiance without were the inward glow.

With greater than skill hath the artist wrought,
The torso lives, but the face like a stone ;
Unrivalled the form, but what of her thought ?
Yet the marble thrills ;—what if you were shown
The blush of the red life dawning through !
'Twas a perfect leaf that Phidias knew ;
But the flower ? You would blind your eyes from
the sight
Of its rose-mist life thrilling petals white !

There, in the shade of the curtain-fold
At your left, a living face looks out ;
Thought brims to word, see, the red lips pout ;
Wrought by a Master—they call him Old,
But young was his art when he wrought, no
doubt.

Stand here, and look at the oval face
With the prayer-oped lips and the brow smooth-
white ;
The nobler man in yourself you trace
As into your soul shines its holy light.

Note you, no wonder the sculptor thought :
"Here must be womanhood at the flower,"
Or the Master spake as his quick hand wrought :
"Beauty can never have higher dower ;"
A spirit of dreams would she be to them—
You, if you saw once my lady's grace,
With her Venus form and Madonna face,
Would stoop with your lips to her garment's hem !

You as a worshiper thus would kneel ;
But what can I, who have loved her so ?

From their settled course my senses wheel,
As if the planets should clash and reel,
When even the touch of her hand I know.

They praised the leaf, when 'twas leaf and thorns ;
But she is the flower of the age-grown tree—
You would pluck the flower? But the quick
thought warns :
Venus may love you when Psyche scorns ;
The battle is bitter, I say, for me.

“Not one of our line but was strong in the fight ?”
Hand me that toy of their days of strife,
That with the handle of malachite ;
To the red heart oft hath it flashed its light,
And won the game when they played for life.

Let here be a man ! and here ! and here—
See, 'tis deep as the hilt in the close-grained
wood ;
Thus could I do—why start you in fear ?
To save one maid from a shameful tear,
For the sake of my Love and her womanhood !

The might of ten could I dare withstand ;
But, look at that sword two-handed there—
As this of mine to your taper hand,
Find a brawny arm for that mighty brand,
And nerve his heart with a wild despair.

Bar then his path with a hundred spears—
See you the flash of the whirling steel ?
They fall like grain that the reaper shears,
Clear through, blood-spattered, his way appears ;
There by the brook see the hero kneel.

What of such battle of flesh and blood,
That your cheeks thrill red and your bright eyes
stare?
One wards the thrust, gives a crash for a thud,
One falls, to crumble back into—mud!
With grass instead of his wavy hair.

You move a pawn in some idle game,
What is that to an empire's war?
So the fight with a hundred that yielded fame,
Is naught to the bitter fight I name—
What can I, you wonder, be fighting for?

The princes of darkness have hemmed me in,
The life to the spirit their hosts oppose;—
They seek to stab my soul with a sin,
Come with angel-smile, or with leer and grin,
But I fight *to the death*— 'tis for LIFE—God
knows!

What if I spake of the warm white breast
More fair than the Greek in his dreaming knew;
Of the face more grand than Italy's best,
Child-sweet, man-strong, in its placid rest,
Did I tell of the eyes whence the soul looked
through?

Were she of the leaf, from the fight I were free,
Needing only to love as a man can do;
But the eyes have opened their depths to me,
She is the flower—as a god must I be,
Must love her as man, and as angel, too.

BY THE SOUNDING SHORE

I stand again by the sounding shore
And the dashing waves my lot deplore ;
For they flow and flow to my weary brain,
And cleanse away the throbbing pain.
O cool and clear, O plashing wave,
My fevered heart in thy coolness lave !
Till I am care-free as a child once more
By the sounding shore.

O Peace, that dwells in the silent skies,
Quell me the tumults of mind that rise ;
Possess my soul with thy harmony,
Till jangle of strife shall no longer be ;
Calm the struggle and yearning wild,
Till I feel again, as a little child,
I am known to the watchful angel-eyes
In the silent skies.

HALF-THOUGHTS

An eager child whose life four bare walls bound,
Whose outlook is a blank and cheerless street
Where seldom do the silent passers meet,
Heareth afar the thrilling martial sound
Of music, and his pulses beat
With every drum-throb, and his heart is crowned
With joy, expectant the parade will greet
His eyes ; but soon in distance all is drowned.

Thus do melodious half-thoughts loom afar,—
As, when cloud-garments trail the level sea;
We dimly trace the lines of mast and spar
Of ghostlike vessel, lost so silently
In mist again we scarce believe the bar
Of cloud was raised to let the vision be.

VALSE PREMIERE

The faces around in the room grow dim
To the two who are swayed by the melody's whim,
Alone, as if swung to the earth's farthest rim.

In a dream of contentment they turn and glide,
Impulse to each movement so inter-tied
The throbbing of music alone is their guide.

No breaking or jar in the rythmical beat,
The harmony rules e'en their wayward feet ;
Their hearts are in tune with its influence sweet.

'Tis a life that is lived in a little space,—
The unit of life in which two have a place,
Together who move with harmonious grace

But some bound together for freedom are fain,
They move not as one, but with jarring and strain,
In discord with its music, they make life a pain.

The world is with harmonies thrilled through and
through,
But the hearts thrilled together responsive, so few,
How happy his lot, who is one of such two !

BABY ELINOR

“Come, O Sleep, from Chio’s isle,
Take my little one awhile—”

—Greek Folk-Song.

THE MOTHER SINGS :

*Come hither, Sleep, from Chio’s isle,
My wakeful babe canst thou beguile ?
Let rose of dawn be on the cheek,
On sweet lips parted as to speak,
But bring a twilight o’er these eyes
As bright and blue as summer skies ;
Then swing the cradle to and fro
Till all the wingèd shadows go,
Like drowsy flower my baby sway
Until her laughter hails the day.*

*Come hither, Sleep, from Chio’s isle,
Take thou my little one awhile,
And twine soft fabric of the night
O’er merry eyes that glance too bright ;
Make silent thou the laughter sound
But leave the smile, and dimple round,
And rock my baby on thy breast
Like wee bird swaying in the nest ;
At morning bring her fresh as day,
Then on a sunbeam fly away.*

THE POET’S REVERIE

O little blessed child,
Sent from the “ Mother-God ”

To earthly mother mild,—
Thine be Messiah-life,
Thy spirit undefiled !

May loving thought and pure,
Of lover and of friend,
Each budding wish allure
To blossom unto God,
Whose loving doth endure !

A thought of God thou art,
And words unuttered sing
Their music to my heart,
When by thy couch I kneel,
Dwelling with God apart.

A Woman thou shalt be ;
A man am I, sweet babe,
My life dies out with me ;
But thou shalt set impress
On lives to come through thee.

A twig this life of mine,
Fruit-clustered, yet to fall
From never-dying vine,
Wherein thou art a part
Through womanhood divine.

No curse thou needest mourn ;
The circlet of our life
God on his hand hath worn,
Where true men's lives like gems
By womanhood are borne.

The gold is Woman true,
The gold doth never fail ;
The gems, alas, too few !
But know, by such as thou
Man is create anew.

Be true, dear, to thy name,
Bring "light" from God to men ;
Show how His love hath claim,
Until in hearts estranged
Gloweth Love's answering flame.

LULLABY-SONG

*Where does my sweetheart Baby go
While the cradle is swinging her to and fro,—
While Mother is singing a lullaby
In a voice like none other, so sweet and low ?*

*Lullaby Baby, lullaby dear !
Yield thee to slumber, Mother is near ;
Far on Sleep's ocean fear not to go,
God is around thee, loving thee so !*

*Does she fly away to the home of Night,
When eyelids droop over blue eyes bright ?
Does she seek the place where the dreams are
born,
Clad in her dreaming-dress of white ?*

*Her cradle sways like a fairy boat
On the gentle Slumber river afloat,
That bears on its bosom a baby fleet,
As the sunbeam many a shining mote.*

*So swiftly the babies are sweeping along
As if a breeze in the sail blew strong,
Yet no waves beat, for it is not the wind
But the crooning of many a mother-song.*

*Down Slumber river their course they keep,
Until they come to the sea of Sleep ;
And the mermaids tell them of wonderful
things,
For they are the dreams that arise from the
deep.*

ST. ANTHONY'S VICTORY

Have I not obeyed when I sold my lands ?
And the poor were rich, for a day at least ;
Now they are tilled by grasping hands,
And the poor still beg while these owners feast,—
I haunting the rocks 'mong the Egypt sands.

The young maids once would smile to my face ;
Now it is haggard and hollow-eyed ;
Can I not forget their supple grace,
When my wine is the drip from the cave's dim
side,
And my feast a crust in a gruesome place ?

Happy, you death's head grinning there,
Of eyes that offend have you been bereft ;
I see a face in its cloud of hair—
This cross of wood in its rocky cleft
I have set, to be saved from the tempter's snare.

Yet the voice was sweet as a singing bird,
And the red lips warm to my hollow cheek,
Soft was the breast that the faint breath stirred—
Who come, in the light of that sunset streak ?
God grant of the saint they have never heard.

The one than my dreams ever imaged more fair,
Her silver zone girds a scarf of blue ;
A twilight veil doth the other wear,
But I see the flush of the rose glint through,
And pearls and gold bind her night-black hair.

Did I hear a voice ; was it "Anthony" ?
'Twas my name ! But why are they come to
seek ?
I must shrink in my cave from that sunset ray ;
How the red lips curve when the name they
speak,—
But quick, let me fall on my face to pray !

"Why have I wasted my youthful years ?—"
"Her lap is more soft than the rocky floor—"
"Her bosom and arms will rest me from fears—"
Their laughter, I hear it more and more
Like the gurgle of water in drowning ears.

I am pierced with the dart of the bright eyes'
glance,
Brighter still as the cave grows dim ;
In a shimmer of light my closed eyes dance ;
I am held ! O languor of arm and limb—
Awake, O Soul, from thy shameful trance !

There is the sign of the One who died,—
Free me, ye serpent arms that twine !
Help me, power of the Crucified,
Shall the fiend have greater strength than Thine ?
Struggle, ye limbs that his charms have tied !

Agonize more ; I can touch the cross—
O Fiends ! that in bodies of beauty dwell,
Is my soul for your hands in sport to toss ?
I clutch ; but they drag me down to hell ;
It has crashed ! Help, God,—or Thine the loss !

How chill is the floor, but why should I start ?
It is not the red dawn, but the sun's last beams—
Ah, the tempter was nigh, deceiving my heart—
I thank thee, O God, that even in dreams
I turn to thy strength, and my helper thou art !

FRIENDSHIP I CELEBRATE

*There comes a legend from the Persian land,
That roses, at the gateway of the day,
From Paradise out-trailing, bloom alway ;
And thence the breezes come, a viewless band,
Bearing the fragrance with a lavish hand ;
And once to every life, or sad or gay,
They bring the golden odor lovingly—
Then seemeth he in Paradise to stand.*

*Alone one day I sat, with grief outworn,
When absent friends in memory came nigh,
And lo, the fragrance to my life was borne,
At thought of many loves that could not die.
He that in Friendship's truth doth realize
Eternal love, foretasteth Paradise.*

"I HAVE A FRIEND"

THE weary traveler in a desert land,
'Gainst whom by full-orbed sun from heavenly
seat,
Are launched his quivering shafts of yellow
heat,
And scorching breath is blown from desert sand.
Doth madly long beneath the palms to stand,
Where kiss of waters cool, his lips may greet ;
But, often tempted by the mirage fleet,
He wanders on, where shadeless wastes expand.

Thus wearily I journeyed, many a year,
Athirst for ever, by mirage beguiled ;
But now no more the sand-choked well I fear,
The living spring, whose waters undefiled
Can quench my life-long thirst, I know at last—
I have a friend ; the desert days are past.

MEMORIES

No portrait of my guardian Friend have I,
By skillful artist hand on canvas lined ;
Such counterfeit mine eyes need not to find
Of her sweet face, to bring the vision nigh ;

For as rich jewels in golden casket lie,
 Bright mem'ries safely dwell within my mind ;
 And when mine eyelids close, and I am blind
 To things of earth, the clasps wide open fly.

And then thy radiant face upon me beams,
 With kindness and with chastity alight ;
 Blue eyes, more pure than clearest mountain
 streams,
 Shine clear with innocence, like diamonds
 bright ;
 Precious and fair the visions that I see,
 When thought looks back on memories of thee.

AU REVOIR

THE brightness from the day seems all to fade,
 Since far from thee, O Friend, I now must
 go ;
 The happy days late past, are whelmed in woe
 That rises like a tide, and storms have laid
 In ruin all my hopes ; yet, undismayed
 I face all grief, no wave can overflow
 One steadfast hope, whence others grow,
 We meet again,—on this my heart is stayed.

The might of faith can make the weakest strong,
 And faith of mine doth join me to that
 strength ;
 All things are possible, to me belong
 All hope, and trust, and joy, until at length
 Faith hath reward, I know not how or when,—
 This one thing only, we shall meet again.

FAME

Of worldly fame I dreamed, in by-gone days,
 What time I lay upon the tented field,
 And sleep, by weary marching gained, had
 sealed
Mine eyes ; and in my dream, like one in maze,
I stood on high, and heard the hum of praise,
 Where silk and jewels gleamed, while joy-
 bells pealed,
 Yet in my heart there lay a woe concealed,
For no eyes turned to mine with true love's gaze.

But now I envy not a warrior's fame,
 Though he be victor in a thousand fields ;
For, once o'erthrown, the world forgets his name,
 And Beauty her sweet smile no longer yields,—
For in thine eyes I see eternal love,
And I am famed all earthly fames above.

“ UP TO THE LIGHT, TOGETHER ”

We walk beneath the brooding trees,
The rain that fell hath slain the breeze,
 Silence incarnate seems the dark ;
 When dim, afar, we see a spark
Of light, that eager branches seize
To make their green leaves gleam like amber.
 Glad at the sight,
 With hearts as bright,
“ Up to the light,” we clamber.

So Truth hath set her lamp on high ;
The multitude have passed her by ;
 What though we leave the pleasant vale,
 And friends our wild resolve bewail,
We must climb to the truth or die !
Naught care I for bleak mountain weather.
 For snow and rime,
 If we may climb
Through space, through time, " together !"

WAITING

As one benighted on the plains, for dawn
 Doth wait, and long on homeward way to
 press,
Nor yet through low-hung mist the way can
 guess,
For veil of dark o'er stars and moon is drawn ;
Thus minutes of the hour roll slowly on,
 Like waves that on the shore break purpose-
 less ;
The joy that was, my heart will not confess,
For all is dreary dark while thou art gone.

And yet as patient as the sun I 'll be,
 That every day his heavenly race renews,
 Trusting his fair moon's love-lit face to see ;
 For when the meeting-times do come I lose
The pain, my gladness dims mine eyes with tears
 And days of joy repay for waiting years.

INFLOWING TIDE

I CROSSED the bridge that spanned a river wide,
Where vacant flats, beneath the smoky day,
Stretched wide and far, in mire the brown
weeds lay,
And outward with the stream fair hope did glide ;
But ere I passed again, the flowing tide,
From moon-stirred ocean, up the long blue bay,
Between the slime-green piers poured lavishly,
And all the wide blank wastes were satisfied.

Thus void my heart—a desolate expanse,
Doubt-strewn and sad, of hopeful joy deplete,
Till happiness upwelld at thy first glance,—
Yea, Friend, 'twas rapture thy dear self to
greet ;
And though we work for Good in ways apart,
Joy tides at every meeting to my heart.

SPRINGING WATER

Down to the bay, 'mong trees, and grasses rank,
The springs in silver brooks their wealth
outpour,
And fiercest thirst is slaked from bounteous
store ;
Inward the high-tide rushed, then slowly sank,
And bright streams trickled down the sloping bank,
Whereof I stooped to drink, and could no
more,

For brackish oozed they from the brine-soaked shore—
But up the hills I climbed, then deeply drank.

Where tides of life beat high, for love I sought,
And oft I stooped to taste deceptive rills
That only pangs of greater longing brought ;
But nearer God, among the silent hills
I sought, and found the fount of friendship pure,
Whose sparkling stream the weary heart can cure.

KNIGHTLY INSPIRATION

He reined, and gazed upon the castle-towers,
The bravest knight in all the land was he,
Who now fared home from years of victory ;
And lo ! the Princess, flitting 'mong her flowers,
Him saw and gaily led through fairy bowers,
Till thrilled with joy, he thought right merrily :
Into her palace now she bringeth me,
And love shall claim my life's remaining hours.

But she : Go forth again true-hearted knight,
Weak ones there are for thy right hand to
save ;
Let thought of me be impulse in the fight,
So all may know, as I, how thou art brave—
And though of love she yield no larger dower,
His life was lived in that exultant hour.

A FAREWELL

AND so the time has come, my dear,
The dreaded time has come
When we must sever, you and I,
You to old friends must say goodbye,
And I goodbye to you ;
And yet my lips are dumb, my dear,
Alas, my lips are dumb,
Though heart with loving thought is full,
The agony of loss doth rule,
I know not what to do.

The white flowers on your breast, my dear,
The white flowers on your breast,
Could speak, I know, my thoughts to you ;
I brought them gemmed with May-day dew,
They must have heard my prayer.
With flowers your hair is dressed, my dear,
With apple-buds 'tis dressed ;
Bright blossoms in your hand I see,
And friends about, but you to me
Are the sweetest blossom there.

Your friends are saying goodbye, my dear,
Your friends all say goodbye ;
I wonder if they mean the prayer,
If aught but love has brought them there,
If they 're sad as I to-day.
And now alone stand I, my dear,
And now alone stand I ;

I see your fluttering signal white,
Your smiling face and blossoms bright,—
So soon they fade away !

And you have gone away, my dear,
Ah, you have gone away,—
Away to the land of all delight,
Where all the year is sunshine bright,
Away to the happy West ;
You, the queen of May, my dear,
My queen of May to-day,
Are gone to rule where palm trees grow,
Where the cactus blooms, and roses blow,—
Thy reign with peace be blessed !

SPEECH OF A LOVER

*In olden time a precious instrument
Did hang unused within a palace gay.
No hand had skill the golden strings to play ;
What time men tried, the discords ever blent
With notes of joy ; and so they came and went.
But when the wind among the strings would stray
And rouse faint, heavenly strains, the king would say :
One cometh yet to play, whom God hath meant.*

*A maiden came, star-eyed and snowy-armed ;
Her dainty hands, like wind-blown lilies glide
Among the strings, and every heart is charmed—
Yet pensive she, alone dissatisfied.
Such golden harp hath Love,—the poet's brain ;
How sweet he singeth, charming her in vain !*

DEMENTIA AMANTIS

ONE whom I love, who loves me not,
 Doth daily pass me by,
At sight of her my foolish heart
 Maketh such glad outcry,
If she gave love, for overjoy,
 I fear me I should die.

A chain of love hath bound me fast,
 Each hour doth forge a link—
Were she beyond the gulf of hell,
 And I, upon the brink,
My soul through hell would go to her,
 Nor otherwise could think !

O fair round wrist, a sculptor's dream,
 And poise of taper hand,
O eyes that gain, by simple look,
 More than a king's command,
O cloud of floating raven hair,—
 By these am I unmanned ?

Nay ! not by these ; by these and more :
 Goodness with grace combined,
A merry heart that doeth good,
 As light, so pure a mind ;
A gentle hand, whose touch is like
 Caresses of the wind.

And though I know she loves me not,
I have not any choice,
Her faintest smile can make my heart
So wildly to rejoice ;
And I would traverse heaven and earth
To list her thrilling voice.

HOPE VICTORIOUS

Is it only a dream I am dreaming ?
Can it be 'tis the real and true ?
Do I follow a false light that 's gleaming,
Or a guiding star come into view ?

Is there one, with heart tender to know me,
With a faith that is clearer than sight ?
Is there one, who hath wisdom to show me
How my path may lead up to the light ?

For the moment that wild hope is thrilling,
With an archangel's might I am strong ;
But a doubt comes, like fog with its chilling,
How to me can such joy e'er belong ?

Yet with patience serene I am waiting,
Till the light may shine clear from above ;
Not a hope for the future abating,
For " there never is unreturned love ! "

DIVINITY OF LOVE

BEHOLD ! a calm-voiced prophet saith :

“ Where Love is, there is God !”

Though treading flower-bespangled sod,
Among the stars the lover wandereth ;
For him no more is time, or space, or death.

A seer spake in the Orient :

“ God only doth not change !”

So, not the lover, though he range
With grief the earth, till flesh and blood be spent ;
Unbarriered then, his soul with God is blent.

And when thou hear’st the poet say,

“ My Love, thou art divine ;

Immortal I through love of mine !”
This is celestial truth, not rhapsody ;
God bids him speak, he dare not disobey.

LOVE IN DEATH

I FEEL a stronger love than thine

My spirit calling ;

Dearest, it is the Love divine

Mine every sense entralling ;

But yet almost unwillingly

I go from thee, my Love ;

Ah, Love ! I know my soul shall stay

Anear thine own, till by His way

Thou art with me, above.

What a love is mine and thine !
We cannot sever,
For we have lived in the Divine,
And so shall dwell forever ;
There's naught within the heaven's dome
I wish to know, my Love,
Since thou wilt follow where I roam,
And God must ever be our home
Where'er I go, above.

My Darling, press thy lips to mine
In mute-caressing—
'Tis thus death comes from the Divine,
A voiceless tender blessing.
No word from Him I need to hear,
Nor yet from thee, my Love,
Our perfect love hath cast out fear ;
On earth our eyes have had no tear,
And none will be above.

AT MOONRISE

WHEN daybeams fade from sight
I think of thee with longing,—
When star-maids of the night
The fair queen follow, thronging.

Not brightest she doth shine—
One saith—but only nearest ;
But thou to heart of mine
Art nearest,—and the dearest !

So unto thee, my Queen,
I make the spheres attendant ;
Float on through life, serene,
In purity resplendent !

AMONG THE RED CLOVER

AMONG the red clover the bees are a-wing,
The birds in the maple-grove joyously sing ;
What is it the pine-trees are yearning to say ?
Exult they as we, while capricious winds play,
And earth to our feet all her tribute doth bring ?

Now know we how paltry the joys of a king,
Though subjects their gold into his coffers fling—
For us, free of care, 'tis enough that we stray
Among the red clover.

O heart that is child-like, whose joy hath no sting,
Wherein Nature's melodies all the day ring ;
The wide earth her wealth at thy footstool
doth lay,
And God spends his power to give thee a day !
What memories, Love, to that perfect day cling,
Among the red clover !

A CROWN

In the mine of life I have toiled for years—

My gains have been crushed by griefs untold,
Washed by the flood of many tears,
And I have but a meagre store of gold
From the furnace of doubt and fears.

What shall I do with the gold so rare,

Through many a pang, that is mine at last ?
One thing alone ; how can I forbear !

I shall make (wild heart why beat so fast ?)
A crown for my Love to wear.

“ But all the work of thy hands is crude ;
She will scorn thy gift with glances cold . . . ”
I yet must worship her, calling her good,
And bringing my best, my all, my gold,
To crown her womanhood !

My gift, with hands that tremble I bring,

The surge of my heart flinging mist o'er my
eyes ;

Like a seraph enraptured how gladly t'would sing—
Naught else on the earth would remain for a
prize,
Did she choose me for her king !

My crown of gold on her brow I have seen—

But whence these doubtings that overwhelm ?
Will my eyes have joy in its jewelled sheen,
If yet she chooseth another realm,
Whom I have crowned a queen ?

"Thou art only prince of a petty land ;
 She would dwell with thee dissatisfied . . ."
 Too loyal my love is, to make demand ;
 The giver hath blessing ; let this be my pride,
 To give with a princely hand.

LOVE'S DILEMMA

I 've been with jewelled courtly throng,
 Heard musical, low laugh,
 Heard Beauty sing bewitching song,
 But yet, been pleased but half ;
 Thou bringest gladness so complete
 My heart doth doubt to pause or beat.

I 'd ride the storms on rock-bound coast,
 Traverse the desert drear,—
 Would face, for thee, an armèd host,
 Nor feel the blanch of fear !
 Yet glance of thine makes tremor come
 Till heart-beats sound like throbbing drum.

My very heart doth faint and fail
 For love of thee—of thee ;
 I 've wished my loving might avail
 To win thy love for me ;
 But joy so great would break my heart,
 My soul would from the body part.

I LOVE THEE, SWEET

I LOVE thee, Sweet, for thou art true,
 And thou art puré as heaven's own blue :
 Too pure mayhap to dwell with men,
 With angel-flights beyond their ken—
 'Tis naught to thee, that one may sue.

I cannot tell how reverence grew
 From fear to love, that dares to woo ;
 I feel I am unworthy, when
 I love thee, Sweet.

Sad was my life, that past I rue ;
 Let love upbuild what grief o'erthrew !
 Haste not away to heaven again,
 But let thy love be mine, for then
 The earth may be a heaven too—
 I love thee, Sweet !

ARABIC LOVE-SONG

FREE as mane-tossing courser of the waste
 Doth roam, my Love,
 Mine eager spirit comes to find in thee
 A home, my Love !
 The desert-weary camels rush to taste
 The palm-girt pool ;
 I die of thirst,—outpour thy love to me,
 Like waters cool !

To me thy joy-lit countenance is fair
 As dawning light ;
 More holy, when in thought withdrawn thou art,
 Than silent night ;
 Like stars thine eyes from out thy night of hair
 Do shine, my Love,
 Ah, look with tenderness, for all my heart
 Is thine my love !

A LOWLAND SONG

Oh, I ken whaur my treasure is,
 And there my hert is gane ;
 The King frae heaven doth gie me love,
 Nae mair I'll gang alane.

I 've gane oot frae my lowly sel',
 To dwell in a palace braw
 Built up o' holy thochts, o' ane
 Whom I lo'e mair than a'.

And sae the smile is on my lip,
 And licht shines frae my e'e,
 My hert is glad like simmer days,
 Can heaven happier be ?

Nay, this is heaven, and God is here,
 I canna ever dee ;
 For when He gieth love like this,
 'Tis immortality !

UNWORTHINESS

O LASSIE wi' the raven hair,
 There's nocht for thee I wadna dare ;
 And yet it's a'maist like despair
 To think that thou dost lo'e me.

The balmy airts gae whisperin' by
 And clouds are fleein' ower the sky
 Like angels white— oh, what am I
 That ever thou shouldst lo'e me ?

Mair pure than cloud micht ever be,
 The breath o' God doth carry thee ;
 I'm naething but an earth-fast tree,
 How canst thou ever lo'e me ?

NEW ZEALAND IMITATION.

DARK is the night, I need thy light,
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !
 Thou shonest and my way is bright ;
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !
 My throbbing heart doth leap and start,
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !
 So fair, so glad, so bright thou art,
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !

O Star of Hope ! the king of all art thou,
 To thee, the ruler of my soul, I bow !

Our palisade doth fence out every harm,
And shut in love, so fence me with thine arm.

Thy hand is small, but at thy call—
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !
My strength shall guard thee like a wall ;
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !
In me thou art, naught shall us part,
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !
Thy hand am I, and thou my heart,
 O Star of Joy, I love thee !

O Star of Hope, my kingly one, my Love !
Thy love burns brighter than the stars above ;
Again with arms of strength, encircle me,
That I may feel my heart that beats in thee !

SAIR TO BIDE

It 's sair to bide when thou art here
 I 'm hauden by a spell ;
Ma hert owerfu', an' like to break,
 Wi' love I daurna tell.

It 's sair to bide when thou 'rt awa',
 The flowers 'll no forget ;
They tell o' thee ilk evenin' glow
 When the gowden sun has set.

It 's sair to bide when wantin' thee,
 I 'm like ane lost frae hame ;

The soughin' win' amang the trees
 Keeps whisperin' aye thy name.

Sae bidena thou ower-lang awa',
 Ma bonny winsome doo ;
 But fin' thy hame wi' me at last,
 For aye my hert is true.

SONG

TUNE : "*Fuanita*"

When from sleep's beguiling
 Wakes a babe with start of fear
 Quickly turned to smiling,
 Mother-love is near.

So I wake and wonder,
 Then to thee my glad thoughts fly,
 And though far asunder,
 Love doth make us nigh.

Beloved ! Ah, beloved !
 Thou to me art all in all,
 Beloved ! Ah, beloved !
 Hear'st thou not my call ?

When the daylight breaketh,
 'Mong the hushed expectant hills,
 Then new joy awaketh
 And all Nature thrills ;

So with every morning
Joy and rapture come to me,
Doubt and darkness scorning,
I am thrilled with thee.

Beloved ! Ah, beloved !
Thou art light of life to me ;
Beloved ! Ah, beloved !
Why not I to thee ?

MOONLIGHT

So tremulous the flame of thinking burns
Beneath mine eyelids, that I may not keep
My restless couch ; I watch the still moon
sweep
Through starry space, like some white soul that
spurns
Earth-life, and to the sunlight ever turns ;
In her cool beams my burning eyes I steep—
Oh, that my spirit thus may rest in sleep,
When my pale ashes mother Earth inurns !

And as the moonlight quieteth unrest,
Changing thought's scorching glow to truth's
pure light,
So thou, who art my heart's most holy guest,
Dost make its ruddy flame glow spirit-white ;
And like pure-hearted child 'mid happy dreams,
I rest my heart and soul in thy love-beams.

LOVE'S BAPTISM

A dream came to me, Love,
A vision in the night,
A wonder from above
Shone clear upon my sight ;
A snowy pure-eyed dove
With gently-rustling flight
Came floating to me, bringing heavenly light.

My heart for joy was dumb,
More glad than when it sings,
Nearer I saw it come
Then fold its snowy wings ;
And oh, the tenderness
Of those celestial eyes
Lifted to mine to bless !
From earthly stain and stress
I knew I should arise.

I feared as in a trance
'Twould spread white wings in flight,
My fear did but enhance
The glory of the light,
Changing, yet still the same ;
Mine eyes are dazzled now,
I saw not how it came,
I could not speak a name,
And yet I knew 'twas thou !

I saw no more the dove,
A woman form was there,

THE MOON-LOVER

III

Her eyes o'erfilled with love
As holy as a prayer;
I entered heaven above
And knew the Father's care,—
World-hopes were gone unprized,
For now I was baptized
By love, that I to men the love might bear.

THE MOON-LOVER

'TWAS a cloudless, fairy-like summer night,
And the fair moon floated above,
While a happy brook with his face alight,
Sang her song of love.

There went a murmur of joy 'mong the trees,
And the tall reeds drowsily stirred,
Soft strains from the harp of the evening breeze
Came forth as the song was heard.

His song to a whispering note he hushed
When the alders hid him a space,
Then wild and free the melody gushed
At sight of the fair moon's face.

He sang to the mournful strains of the wind
That came from the pine trees tall;
He sang every word that love might find,
But the moon would not list to his call.

No warmth of love in her steadfast gleam,
Complacent her haughty look,
For the moon has a lover in many a stream—
But, "There's only one moon for the brook."

LONGING

Oh, to hear that music again,
 Oh, for the scent of the jessamine flowers !
Young was my heart, and so happy then,
Oh, to hear that music again !
I am weary of jangling strife of men,
 And joy comes not, with the glow-winged
 hours ;
Oh, to hear that music again,
 Oh, for the scent of the jessamine flowers !

NATURE-SPEECH

*Call not the poet idle, though he spend
His day in silent watching hour by hour
The swaying spears of grass, or nodding flower;
Your care for meat and drink, that hath no end,
Doth prison him, unless your child befriend,
For while she prattles, he escapes your tower
Of darksome unbelief; she, too, hath power
To see in all His works God's thought attend.*

*Not gold he seeketh, musing by the shore;
Nor praise of men, for him the wild-bird sings;
His days are rich with gain of Nature's lore,
He seeketh not earth's dross, but precious things;
For you, the gems he findeth from the mine,
And years of living go to make the line.*

SWANNANOA

NORTH CAROLINA

O happy river winding
Thy grassy meads among,
O'erwatched by purple mountains,
With laurel boughs o'erhung—
O rippling Southland river
Thy praises who hath sung ?
As thou art winding, winding,
Thy grassy meads among.

O sunbright river flowing
On through a land of dreams,
Blue from the skies all cloudless,
Gold of the sunset beams,
To daffodils and violets
Thou conjurest, it seems !
While gently flowing, flowing,
On through the land of dreams.

O river onward stealing
In silence of the night,
Thy laurel trees are trembling
With passionate delight
Of night-winds' warm embraces,
And mirrored starry light
Upon thy bosom shining,
While peaceful is the night.

In daylight splendor gleaming
With heaven's unclouded blue,
With evening's royal purple,
Or morning's rosy hue,
The Giver thou dost honor—
Art singing praises too,
While clad by daylight splendor
In robes of priestly blue.

And hearing praise-songs rippling,
With musical resound,
One gave thee, Swannanoa,
The sweetest name he'd found ;
And thou, a river-poet,
Art alway laurel-crowned,
And ever may thy praising
Melodiously resound !

RAIN

From low-hung clouds the warm rain falls:
To cheer the thirsty fields,
Then to himself the sun recalls,—
Each drop, that knows the suasion, yields.

They come from hidden forest nook,
From field and rolling lake,
Fly from the river at a look,
And e'en the restful pool forsake.

From out the gutter's reeking slime
As pure as light they rise,
Like souls, unseen they upward climb,
And cloud with white the azure skies.

The sunset glories interblend,
The moonlight's silver sheen ;
Again to earth the drops descend,
So life springs forth in happy green.

CALM

THE rage of the storm is over now,
For the angering wind is dead,
And the sea has calm, as the smooth white brow
Whence tumult of life is fled.

As a bound to the glare of the mirrored sky,
Is the far shore's pale blue bar ;
Like a sapphire lieth the sea anigh,
While rose-gleams pulse afar.

The red sloop-sails are sharp outlined,
As they slowly rock and sway,
And long for the breath of the western wind
To waft them on their way.

Awake, awake, O Wind of the West,
Step light o'er the glassy sea,
Carry the ship to its haven-rest,
And a word to my Queen from me.

THE SLEEPLESS SEA

I HEARD the sound of the sleepless sea,
 Tossed on his rocky bed,
 Rustling his pillow of sand,
 Jarring the quiet land ;
“Sing me a lulling song for the sea,
 For the wakeful sea,” I said.

I heard the stir of the tranquil wind
 As he touched his pine-tree lyre ;
 And the sea was soothed to rest,
 (Moonlight clasped to his breast)
By the restful song of the whispering wind,
 And the joy of the white moon’s fire.

A SONG OF THE SEA

I SING me an ancient lonely song,
 In the murky night, in the sunny noon ;
 Ages are sweeping along
 Bearing their human throng,
But ever I sing the same wild song
 Of love to the cold, fair moon.

How my love can I show to her ?
 Wishful waves outgo to her,
 Tides from the depths outflow to her—
But I am only the earth-chained sea,
 And she the heavenly moon.

Resting never, each weary wave
That I upward lift, is asking a boon ;
Men say that my waters rave,
But one thing only I crave—
'Tis the song unceasing of every wave,
Let love warm the heart of the moon.

None there is who can vie with her ;
Would I were raised on high with her,
To sail in heaven for aye with her,
But I am chained to the earth, ah me !
She is the heavenly moon.

OCTOBER WIND

THE wind comes rushing o'er the plain ;
Not soft and gentle like a maiden's kiss,
But boisterous, glad and free is this,
The herald of the wintry rain.

He rushes through the poplar trees
Whose quiv'ring leaves no longer dance in green,
But blotted like parchment old, are seen
To flutter sad and yellow in the breeze.

Beneath the trees in crimson-brown
The glowing shrubbery hints of Autumn's brush,—
We hear the lessening brooklet's rush,
And see the dead leaves floating down.

Not such its freight in Spring-time days,—
The bushes bowing down along the shore

Remember well the rush, the roar,
As murky waters forced new ways;

While on their foaming breast was borne
Some grassy island from the cut-bank's edge,
Or tree with tangled roots, and sedge,
That from the shore it clutched, was torn.

The water-swirls are crystal clear
Beneath the steep and crumbling gravel bank,
Whose top with tufted grass grows rank
While red vine up gray side creeps near.

The horsetails nod beside the stream,
And toss their shrivelled yellow arms about;
While ripples flock the lazy trout
That gather in the pool to dream.

The wind comes rushing o'er the hill;
No mourner he, among the pines that sighs,
But free, with broad wing, swift he flies,
With whirring sound like distant mill.

O'er broad brown hills the wind-waves pass,
Bowing on withered stem the seed-filled head,
Shaking the rose-bush burning red
That flames amid the faded grass.

And when there comes a breath of cold,
Our eyes are lifted to the glitter bright
Of snow-clad mountains, where last night
The ruby sun was set in gold.

How quiet, how pure, how strong ! They stand
Like guardian angels clad in white, and send
This warning wind, that man, their friend,
May hide from storms that sweep the land.

And so, cold-laden is the wind ;
O'er faded grass, 'mid yellow leaves he flies,
A snowy glitter in his eyes,
To warn of storms that come, behind.

IN THE WEST

COME back, O Friend, to your prairie home,
To the plains that are wide like the sea,
To the brown foot-hills where the cattle roam,
Where the wind, the wind blows free !

The wind blows free and the cattle graze,
And the eagle sails on high,—
While the land lies asleep in the smoky haze,
And faint comes the ground-bird's cry.

The ground-bird's cry and the plover's call,
And the whistle of hawk I hear,
While the blackbird flock, like a sable pall,
On the sedgy bank appear,—

On the sedgy bank of the ruffled pool
Where the sportful wind careers,
You may joy in the splash of its waters cool,
And drown in their depths your fears.

You may drown the fears that oppress you sore,
And the cares so wearily rife,
And blessed peace shall be yours once more
As in spring-time years of life.

Come then from the city's din and roar,
From breathing its heavy air,
From dim-eyed search of that wondrous lore
That the strifes of men prepare.

You can 'scape from the strife of tongues away,
And be here alone with God,
While all about you the stars of day
Shine bright in the prairie-sod.

1884

SEA-BREEZE

THE eager wind is speeding from the sea,
O'erleaping tall brown cliffs that front the shore,
About whose feet the thwarted waters roar,
Then wild careering on the upland lea.

The dusty clouds, from beaten highway whirled,
Are scattered 'mong the fluttering fields of grass,
O'er bending grain, the gleaming wind-waves
pass,
And then against the stubborn wood are hurled.

Through bare fields winds a brook with waters
brown,
That trickle down the gorge's shelly rocks;

But at each rocky brow the gusty shocks
Upset the stream to form a sparkling crown.

Yet to the sea the water falls at last,
Where weed-strewn trunks upon the shore are
borne,
Whose earth-embracing limbs were wrenched,
and torn,
And riven from the land, by furious blast.

The breakers, madly dashing o'er the reef,
Ride haughtily with foaming crests erect ;
But treacherous sloping shore doth aye deject
Their wind-urged pride, and prone they fall in
grief.

Thus glad, and strong, and free, the sea-breeze
comes,
Leaving white footsteps over all the bay,—
From rock or tree or wave brooks no delay,
While all the coast resounds like roll of drums.

THE TREASURES OF THE SNOW

HAST thou entered in
To the treasures of the snow ?
Knowest thou the gems
The warder sun can show ?

Leave the bustle and the noise,
Turn thee to a quiet place

Where the tassels of the pine
 Shade the sun-glare from thy face.

'Gainst a silent tree-trunk lean,
 Now behold the glittering sheen—
 Crystals gems, as when the crescent
 Of the moon doth light the scene ;
 But now they're flashing iridescent
 Like a dove's breast in the sun,—
 Fire of roses, orange, green,
 To blue and violet flashes run
 In a glory opalescent.

How the gems of earth are duller,
 Flashing from the graceful hand,
 Trembling on the snowy breast ;
 On the bosom of the land,
 Gem-like, disembodied colour
 Lieth in its spirit-rest.

There a ruby blaze is shown
 Where no ruby hath been set ;
 Emerald lights are twinkling, yet
 No star amid the snow is known ;
 The emerald to blue hath grown,
 Sapphire fades to amethyst,
 Then momently the gleam is missed,
 The soul was there, but not the stone.

See the sardine's crimson blaze,
 The golden-green of chrysolite,
 The sun-ray of the topaz bright,
 The glory of the chrysoprase ;

Flashes as from the starry ways ;
Jacinth-purple from the west
When violet hills have twilight rest—
The snow hath these in treasures.

Hidden lie they in the whiteness,
Spirit beauties of the pure,
Till the sun reveals their glow ;
But fairer gleams the sight allure
When love of God reveals in brightness
One made “whiter than the snow !”

UNDER AN OAK

I LAY beneath a whispering oak,
The glad sun-raptured day was at its prime,
And when a gentle breeze awoke,
The merry dancing leaves out-spoke ;
Like sound of laughing waters was their chime.

The inspiration of the wind
A gladness so ecstatic, could arouse,
It seemed their joy no words could find ;
I thought of days that lay behind
When winds of winter tossed the leafless boughs.

I, too, old friend, have been denude
Of joys, by winter winds that cut and chill ;
I, too, in rigid strength have stood,
With none to show me any good,
And borne the evil with a stubborn will.

But soon the sun, with cheering beam,
The gladness from thy silent heart did call
'In many leaves, that glance and gleam
While rays of brightness through them
stream ;
So crowd they, that on some must shadows fall.

And as with joyous robe of green
Thou hast been clad, through sunshine glow of
Love,
My sorrows, too, are changed, I ween ;
For they, as lower joys, are seen,
With shadows cast by joys that gleam above.

SNOW IN APRIL

THE wind has whispered for many a day,
The news of the coming Spring,
And the birds have made the leafless woods
With gladsome carols ring.

But, lo ! again the snow hath come,
And the fields are wrapped in white ;
And the trees are clad, to their farthest twig,
In robes that are glittering bright.

White as a fairy troop they stand,
And white is the tufted pine ;
The snow hath come so silently,
Of what may it be the sign ?

The Winter hath gone, we know it now ;
The sunshine he could not bear,
And this is his garment cast away,
And fallen from upper air.

THE VICTOR SEA

THROUGH half the silent summer day
The sun had ruled the earth with hand of fire,
The while his glory mounted higher
More cruel was his tyranny.

The blossoms drooped beneath the heat,
The lazy cattle hid in forest gloom ;
From censers of the clover bloom
The incense rose with savor sweet.

Seaward there spread a sultry haze ;
Anear the cool wave, skimming swallows flew ;
This way and that the currents drew,
As if to escape the throbbing blaze.

But lo ! the sea grows dark afar,
And there is quivering gleam of thunder-bolt,—
The clouds are rising in revolt,
Their forces mustering to the war.

Their thousand brands defiant flash,
The rumble of a hundred chariot wheels
Is heard afar ; now loudly peals
The war-note, while their shields they clash.

Across the erstwhile glassy main
On plunging coursers of the gale they ride ;
With flaunted banners they deride
The sun, that hurls his shafts in vain.

Gray smoke of battle shrouds the sea,
As, in the strife, the armies interlock ;
The earth is trembling 'neath the shock
Lest tyrant sun the victor be.

Amid the smoke, the gleam of brands
And tumult of the battle passed away ;
And now the ocean's banner gray
Is floating o'er the happy lands.

RIVER HOPEWELL

WHERE the grass is yellow-tangled
O'er a long-forgotten mound,
Still a gray stone, lichen-hoary,
Lifts its record from the ground.

Now have passed three generations,
Since the river quenched the life
Of the two, whose friends so crudely
Carved the stone with rustic knife.

Druid trees with gray moss bearded
Whisper o'er the mounded grass,
Wierdly meet with incantations
Generations as they pass.

Still the tide flows through the channels,
For the ocean life is strong,
And its pulse-beat never ceases,—
What if lives be swept along !

Still the ebb-tide sighing outward
Leaves the winding channels void,
While the high red banks are glist'ning,—
Parted lips with surfeit cloyed.

From the old land young and hopeful
Came they ;—doth not fate deride ?
Life itself in Hopewell River
May go outward with the tide !

Bay of Fundy, 1886.

“THE HOMELESS SEA”

I surge and toss, I moan and cry,
My heart doth heave with yearning strong,
For mountain strength and calm, I long,
But yet the “homeless sea” am I.

The moon is far, her light is cold,
To her my being flows alway,
Then backward sinks dejectedly ;
Thus forth and hither from of old.

I joy in grapple with the winds,
With fierce delight I fling my spray,
And crash my shores in lordly play ;
No longer pain my spirit binds.

But when my waves beneath the moon
Are like a molten silver plain,
I feel the under-current pain,—
If Death would only grant a boon !

My soul to leave the earth is fain,
To float unchained in upper air ;
But wings of cloud when I prepare,
The winds do shred them into rain.

Yet hope a steadfast gladness brings,
The moon shall blush with love for me ;
On earth there will be “no more sea,”
To her I ’ll fly on vapor wings.

LOVE-LETTERS

*I love the sounding of thy name in Greek,—
“A maid”—incarnate thought of purity
From God sent forth, that we our lives may lay
Before such shrine of holiness, and wreak
Thy vengeance on injustice ; yea, and seek
Our vain desires and evil thought to slay ;
Thine eyes are stern to those who disobey,
Thou hearest only when pure lips do speak. •*

*A lily-wand for sceptre thou dost hold,
Near thy pure life its bloom can never fade ;
From out thy hand let not the flower be laid
For sceptre gemmed—its fragrance doth enfold
Thy life, the whiteness lovelier is than gold,
And Queen of queens art thou, simply a maid !*

LETTER I.

DOUBT

I.

BELOVED ONE, how tenderly and true
I love thee, with a love beyond compare,
For thou more holy art than any prayer
That ever sainted nun in cloister knew ;
And I do find my heaven in eyes of blue
That shine from out the darkness of thy hair.

II.

Look not upon me thus with quiet disdain,
I urge upon thee now no strong desires,
With walls of rock I curb the Hecla fires ;
Yet do I love thee so, that love is pain.
That soul is over-dulled with earthly stain
Who seeth heaven before, and not aspires.

III.

But I have cleansed my soul in loving thee,
And so from thee and good can never swerve ;
My heart is ever thrilling with the verve
Of nobleness—If but thine eye would see !
I do thee homage now on bended knee,
And stronger growtheth love the more I serve.

IV.

It were a common, plain, dull thing to say
 That I could gladly die at thy behest,—
 Nay rather I shall live in noble quest
 Of highest good and helpfulness alway ;
 And so I add to love thee day by day
 Who art on earth the truest and the best.

V.

Thou art not happy in this love of mine,
 As child with new possession seemeth shy
 And hideth face while peering friends are by ;
 But thou wilt feel its thrill, like precious wine,
 And know thou art thereby become divine,
 And I no more shall kneel to thee and sigh ;

VI.

But I shall hold me proudly and erect,
 Made kingly when I place within thy hands
 A treasure, greater than from all the lands
 That earthly kings do rule, thou might'st elect,
 Yet, howsoever precious, with defect,
 Since tenfold more thy worthiness demands.

VII.

My lagging tongue can never speak thy worth,
 It seemeth palsied to my eager brain ;
 And when from thrilling chords I draw a strain
 Whereat the glad trees tremble in the earth,
 Even then I cannot bring my thought to birth,
 And it remaineth endlessly a pain.

VIII.

In dreams how oft I find thee at my side ;
My straining arms with loving strength enfold,
While thou dost yield thyself, no longer cold,
But flushed to beauty with the rapturous tide
Thy bounding heart doth urge. Do not deride,
As if my dreaming thus were overbold.—

IX.

The frightened birdling flutters to the nest
From swaying twig, whereon he scarce can
cling ;
And thou with eyes dilate and wondering,
With beating heart, dost fall upon my breast ;
But when mine arms enfold, thou art at rest
Like nestling warmed beneath the mother-wing.

X.

And I break not the silence, which is joy,
Lest even tenderest word should make thee
start ;
I pray that we may dwell no more apart,
So that mine hours of life I may employ
To shelter life of thine from all annoy,
And nestle thee forever to my heart.

XI.

But thou dost dream of making thee a name,
Of garlands brought by men on bended knee ;
Ah, blind one, who will give thee power to see ?
Thou seekest for the cold moonlight of fame
Wherfrom no life can come to thrill thy frame ;
Thou needest only this,—to come to me.

XII.

For when love enters in, then life is thine
 With all its gifts, with its creative power,—
 The hand that hath to give, as well as dower,—
 And in that power alone thou art divine ;
 Seek thou henceforth the spirit, not the shrine,
 The vernal force, and not the opened flower.

XIII.

As still thou art, as mountain clad with snow ;
 The glory thou art seeking, leads to death
 Not life, as thy fond heart imagineth ;
 For love is life ; when wilt thou truly know
 That love hath immortality, and so
 Let Spring come to thee with her balmy
 breath ?

XIV.

Thou hast not touched my lips with such a kiss
 As Earth receiveth from the winter moon ;
 I love thee so, my very heart would swoon
 If thou should'st grant me such a wintry bliss
 From thy cold lips ; yet ask I not for this,—
 I crave to serve thee, as the highest boon.

XV.

For I do love thee, as the summer sun
 Doth love the earth, whatever clouds arise
 To hide from him her face ; his ardent eyes
 Do pierce all veils before she hath begun
 To think him far, and when the rain is done
 She shineth in his light 'neath cloudless skies.

XVI.

My soul lies vacant while I wait for thee,
More blank than is the tideless weed-strewn
waste ;
But where my billowy joys in sunlight raced
A fragrance yet remaineth of the sea ;
'Tis proof that thou wilt creep again to me,
While I enraptured would not have thee haste.

XVII.

Thy presence is my fulness and my joy,
Thine absence maketh night, and my distress ;
And yet, O Love, thou never wilt confess,
If silence claimed me, that it would alloy
Thy happiness, a moment's bliss destroy—
While I in loss of thee were heavenless !

XVIII.

Thou thinkest when before thy knee I bow
So tenderly, and make my spirit meek,
Mayhap that I am passionless and weak,—
How canst thou know my knighthood and my
vow ?

My proven strength ? but all thou wilt allow,
For deeds of truth, in silence done, shall speak !

XIX.

The land that knoweth of the parching heat
Loves not the torrent's passionate wild song,
Its force in summer days t'will not prolong,
Among bare stones, it dwindles in defeat ;
While green-clad banks the very brim do meet
Of silent-flowing river deep and strong.

xx.

As one who shades his eyes from light, I came ;
But now 'tis thine to shade thee from the glow
Unquenched by all thy looks as cold as snow—
Else from thy heart shall burst the living flame,
Not masterful as mine, and yet the same,
And one our interfusing souls shall grow.

xxi.

Then as the fire that yearneth to its source
And from the earth doth upward leap alway,
Unto that central fire, which makes our day,
We two shall heavenward rush with love's own
force,
And as one star, through space shall keep our
course,
Forever owning Love's transcendent sway.

LETTER II.

HOPE

I.

I FULLY think that every forest tree
Hath found my secret out, and is aware,
And so hath whispered it upon the air
That every flower is glad at heart for thee,
Who art beloved so truly ; yet, ah me !
Thou hast not cared ; but, I will not despair.

II.

As tenderly as calls the cushat dove
I speak thy name, and at the tone I see
The leaves near by me all adance with glee ;
How well they know the rapture-joy of love !
Thrilled daily by the ardent sun above,
Lacking whose love, no life at all could be.

III.

My secret hath escaped from out my breast,
But bringeth joy no mortal can refuse,
That wide world-sympathy not his to choose ;
The sun doth blush it in the golden West,
The moon and stars, throughout night's holy rest,
From sphere to sphere do sing the glorious
news.

IV.

Although in winning thee I were to miss
The joys that men do crave, I should not moan,
Thy voice is sweeter far than is the tone
Of golden harps ; thy pure love were a bliss
Beyond man's hope ; the brow crowned with thy
kiss
Were kinglier than any on a throne.

V.

Though earth were lost, yet life were not undone ;
For love hath joy the world can never know
That dwells in stillness underneath the show
Of things that fade and fleet ;—life were begun.
If thou wert mine, and love had made us one,
And life would day by day, diviner grow.

VI.

So I shall lose no joy, for all I gain
In winning thee—who art, for me, the way ;
Joyward I should have gone, nor brooked de-
lay,
Had it been mine to free my heart from stain ;
But thine it is ; my glowing soul is fain
With love to light the path—to be thy day.

VII.

Long have I gazed upon thy placid face
While eyes unutterably loving shone,—
I know thine eyes will turn to mine and own
My love, reflecting with the moon's own grace
The glory, on our world that turns apace,
Until all darkness from the sphere has flown.

VIII.

But ah, how cold thou art, as is the moon,
Thy look averted from my shining eyes !
How dost thou keep thy calm face from surprise
The while I make thee famous in my rune,
And sing my love in perfect days of June
While gladness downward thrills from happy skies ?

IX.

O thou who art my overflowing joy,
My heart's delight, the comfort of my soul,
Thou wilt not render any measured dole !
For thou hast treasure Time can not destroy,
The priceless gold of love, without alloy,
And when thou givest thou wilt give the whole.

X.

Hast thou not seen a highway in the air
Suspended, over some gigantic rent
Wherein a clamorous hungry flood is pent,
By cabled steel, whose single strand could bear
Scarcely a child's weight—yet together dare
Uphold the traffic of a continent ?

XI.

Not yet for us a circling year hath gone
Since Love began to weave her flawless wires
Of peaceful hopes, and trust, and pure desires,
None strong enough to hang our lives upon ;
But now though chasm of death beneath should yawn
The cable holds with might that never tires.

xii.

Not yet thou knowest how my love hath might—
 How strong between our hearts hath grown
 the bond ;
 But as the tropic sun hath sudden dawned,
 Ere he be 'ware, full on the gazer's sight,
 So in thy heart full-orbed shall dawn the light
 When Love doth touch thine eyes with magic
 wand.

xiii.

Thy king am I to be, and nothing less—
 Oh ! I could serve thee, Love, like any slave,
 To see thy face the only boon I 'd crave ;
 For thee could live on bread of bitterness,
 And drink of gall and wormwood, and confess
 Exultant joy all pain for thee to brave.

xiv.

But far too well I love to serve thee so ;
 I make thee queen, co-equal on my throne,
 And when I yield thee homage thou must own
 That I am king of thee, while bending low,
 When hastening at thy will, and so shalt know
 That highest serving is from kings alone.

xv.

A refuge is in thee from all despair,
 A fortress thou from world-despite and frown ;
 To love but thee is higher than renown—
 It were a prize ten thousand times more rare
 To have thy fingers toying with my hair,
 Than feel the pressure of an empire's crown.

xvi.

My soul hath been like eaglet in a cage
First gazing on the blue sky's cloudless dome,
Who quivers with desire afar to roam
The ether pure, and frets with noble rage,
Which naught that was a pleasure can assuage ;
His heart soars ever to its heavenly home.

xvii.

My spirit thus is yearning to be free ;
It hath foretasted of the heavenly things,
And all the body trembles, while it sings.
Strengthen, O God, the sinew-bars for me !—
Lest broken they by soul that yearns to Thee,
As linnet-cage by stroke of eagle-wings.

xviii.

Yea, strengthen Thou the cage to hold my soul !
For what I know hath glorified the earth,
Famine of soul is gone, and time of dearth ;
I fear the blaze if now I made love's goal,
Mine eyes were shrivelled should I view the whole
Ere earth-life brought me to the heavenly-
birth.

xix.

I feel in mine the throb of Nature's heart,
Which thou shalt feel, and clasp my waiting
hand ;
My tireless patience maketh no demand,
Since well I know we cannot dwell apart ;
I wait till thou shalt wake with sudden start,
And ope thy wondering eyes, and understand.

xx.

To thee again, my Love, I humbly kneel,
That thou mayest lean and trust thyself to me,
Then shall I rise in strength uplifting thee ;
I cannot fail thee, this I know ; I feel
Thy kiss will be my consecration-seal,
While thee I clasp as earth upholds the sea.

xxi.

I cannot tell thee how in thee I trust,
Who art for me the source of strength and
hope ;
In darkness now, I shall not ever grope,
Such light of God thou art, so pure and just ;
Where thou dost point the way, progress I must,
No planet, star, or sphere beyond our scope.

LETTER III.

ASSURANCE

I.

O DAY of horror when the shadow drew
Round thee, my Love, and hid thee from my
sight !
I trembled, for I knew not how to fight
A power unseen ; so tense mine anguish grew
A cry broke forth, which, lo ! the darkness slew,
Like new-born infant strangled in the night.

II.

With desperate hands I sought to tear apart
The veil that hid thee in a death embrace,
But as I rent, the shreds would interlace ;
The deathly mist was chill around my heart ;
This thought of dread did pierce me like a dart ;
Mayhap I should not ever see thy face.

III.

Then, prostrate on the earth, I clenched my hands ;
“ O God,” I cried, “ O God, my God, forgive !
I can but say I care not now to live
Though joys be many as the sea-shore sands,
A stranger I should be in all the lands
If this one heart’s desire thou canst not give.

IV.

“ And yet, O God, merge my will into thine,
 I faltered slow, for still I knew his love ;
 Then one came to me swifter than a dove,
 From heaven, I think, for so her face did shine,
 Through all the mist, at once I could divine
 How darkness is alight round those above.

V.

“ Love on, love on, thus tenderly and true !
 Thy love shall win so surely as the sun,
 Rejoicing as the strong a race to run,
 Doth drive away the mists that cloud the blue ;
 His ardent love did make them from the dew,
 Earth gives them up to show his love hath
 won.

VI.

“ Within thy dear one's heart cold dew-drops lay—
 Her joy, the sparkle of thy love to know,
 Thy blaze hath made the fog that hangeth
 low ;
 Shine on, be brave, for this shall pass away,
 'Tis mist arising of the self, the day
 Her heart devoid of all but thee will show.”

VII.

I know a reason why the earth was made,
 Why sun and moon their changing light dis-
 play
 Time hath been waiting for one happy day,
 That we who have the law of love obeyed
 May be one light of love amid the shade,
 Two souls merged into one divinity.

VIII.

So near we drew there was but one between,
The Christ, to whom both came with fear op-
pressed,
And He enfolded us close to his breast,
An arm round each, and bade us ever lean
Upon his strength together ; then serene
Our hearts became, for we had found soul-rest.

IX.

Silent for ages were we in the spell
Of new-found love ; then did I raise my head
To look at thee, and, "Kiss me, Love," I said ;
That moment's grace what angel-tongue can tell !
We felt how God, in hearts that love may dwell ;
We knew that we had risen from the dead.

X.

For we had died of love's intensity,
And centuries had passed of heart-repose
Ere God awoke us that he might disclose,
Through reaches of the infinite, his way,
And to our new-born sense Himself display ;
Then into God-like life we two arose.

XI.

And lo ! there were new heavens and new earth
Wherefrom had passed away the former
things,
And our joined souls could flash as if with
wings
From earth to heaven in a moment's girth ;
And as we soared, new knowledge came to birth
As sweet to know as when a seraph sings.

XII.

We can not fathom God's untold design,
 And comprehend how all is unity ;
 It is enough that truthful lips can say :
 " Forever and forever I am thine,
 Forever and forever thou art mine,
 Forever one, we dwell in Deity."

XIII.

All haste of passion ceaseth at the thought,
 As winds upon the ocean-vastness die ;
 For vast eternities before us lie,—
 Millenniums by billions ending not,
 Wherein by love and God we shall be brought
 Unceasingly from lower love to high.

XIV.

And yet my soul is tremulous with haste
 To know thee well, that I may love thee more ;
 I have but found one pebble on the shore,
 From fount unfailing, had one drop to taste,
 Have seen but one of thousand charms, that graced
 Ere loving taught thy heavenward thought to
 soar.

XV.

Then thou wert happy so in earthly things,
 Sunlight of love was joy, as to a tree ;
 But like an angel now thou 'rt spirit-free
 To flash from star to star with tireless wings,
 To hear what song the farthest planet sings ;
 For love doth open to infinity.

XVI.

While soft airs met me with their touches mild,
Beneath a sky of blue, as pure as prayer,
I wandered forth exultant, free of care ;
The trees were glad with me, and every child
That gazed upon my face, immediate smiled,
For that he saw a great joy beaming there.

XVII.

All wonderment within my soul was quelled,
Though wonders infinite had come apace ;
For I had seen thee move with spirit-grace
Ethereally, thy body soul-impelled,
And men start in amaze, who once beheld
The vision of thy beatific face.

XVIII.

I knew that thou wert more than angel come
To dwell with me ; and yet all seemed so
right,
My soul was flashing so with new delight
My fears and doubts were stricken blind and dumb
Before thy deity ; of creeds the sum
For me, was living purely in thy sight.

XIX.

I can not wish a child again to be,
What may he know of highest happiness ?—
A sparkling dew-drop that the sun-rays bless,
Compared with mighty river grand and free,
Whose flood will stronger grow, and reach the
sea,
Of joy, world-compassing and fathomless.

xx.

I know, my Love, it can not be elsewise—
 My best is calling for the good in thee,
 Thy best in vision beckons unto me ;
Flows on our joy beneath the sunny skies,
Laughing to every balmy wind that flies,
 Rejoicing every flower and every tree.

xxi.

And once, my Love, how scarcely could we bear
 Sunlight of love the dewy drop that filled,—
 Now is the river-flood with sunlight thrilled !
Think thou what light of God we two shall share
When to the ocean infinite we fare,
 Made infinite by Love as he hath willed!

LETTER IV.

ABSENCE

I.

O Love, Love, Love, my soul doth cry,
When shall I kneel and kiss thy hand, my
Queen—
See thine eyes glowing with love's tender
sheen ?
Such ardent longing sways me I could die
If dying brought thee for a moment nigh,
And dying, on thy bosom I could lean!

II.

But O my Love, what vanity is mine !
The king of dread would flee before thine eyes,
From cerements of the grave I should arise
If thou wert nigh—for art thou not divine ?
The fragrance of thy pure life is the sign,
That groweth as a flower in Paradise.

III.

Because of thee, are many who aspire
To goodness, that the Father they may know ;
Cared for by Him thy woman-beauties grow,
Who fills the daisy's heart with golden fire,
From whom the petaled halo doth acquire
Its purity, as white as falling snow.

IV.

Thou art so far we can not greet, they say
 Whose thought is only of the lower things,
 But like a lonely harp with unswept strings
 Through which there creeps a gentle harmony,
 The answer to a fluted melody,
 My soul to thine responding music brings.

V.

And oft in thought I go to visit thee ;
 But when thy gracious womanhood appears
 My voice is choked, and sudden joyous tears
 O'ermist the face my whole heart longed to see ;
 Content, I lay my head upon thy knee,
 And kiss thy hand, whom every thought en-
 dears.

VI.

What more is absence, than the fall of night
 Between a radiant sunset and the dawn ?
 The speeding hours with silent feet are gone
 Ere evening joy deserts the inner sight ;
 How soon the heralds of the coming light
 With rosy fingers have the veil withdrawn !

VII.

“ For night of silence may not we be glad . . . ”
 I say beneath a sky bestud with stars,
 When crescent moon doth pierce the cloudy
 bars ;
 But nights will come whose hours are long and
 sad,
 Stars blotted out by elements gone mad,
 Save fitful angry gleam from blood-red Mars.

VIII.

My heart responds to wildness of the storm,
And like the clouds whose wierd gray tresses
stream
Upon the winds, forth on broad wings I seem
To vault the tumult, battling with a swarm
Of doubts that cluster, scatter, and re-form ;
Down-hurtled once I fell as in a dream—

IX.

I felt as I were downward flung through space
Away from light, clutching at viewless air
Ungraspable, downthrust by cruel care ;
No more my thought could frame thy radiant face,
I vanished into darkness, without trace,
A withered leaf in whirlwind of despair.

X.

But none can 'scape from tender love of God ;
For thee I made a great and bitter cry,
And lo ! I felt that all His love was nigh,
Whereof thou art, while paths of earth are trod,
The nearest part ; His goodness did I laud,
And light grew round me as I rose on high.

XI.

Then was I thrilled with love to brother-men,—
Sweet Altruist, thy spirit moveth now !
The self-encumbered past is dead, I trow :
For thee I once laid down my life, and then
Thou in thy love didst take it up again,
So I no more am self, but I am thou.

XII.

Truly I'm loving mankind in the mass ;
 But unto thee more tender love I yield
 As to God's one flower in a boundless field ;
 I love the strength and courage of the grass
 While o'er bowed heads the rushing breezes pass,—
 The flower confiding, bids me be her shield.

XIII.

'Twas love renewed her life, who broke for Christ
 The alabaster box—her richest dower,—
 Thou hast renewed my life by true love's
 power,
 And so for thee I pour forth love unpriced
 To thy far place ; holy I keep our tryst,
 And join my soul with thine at sunset hour.

XIV.

The east is rosy, prophesying dawn ;
 Like golden fleece the wind-strewn cloudlets
 are,
 The west is barriered with a golden bar ;
 But soon the glory from the cloud is gone,
 From all the sky the golden is withdrawn
 To make one quivering drop,—the Evening
 Star.

XV.

Thus into one all beauties of the earth
 Do concentrate by subtle alchemy ;
 I gaze on lake and river, flower and tree,
 Of golden sun how well I know the worth,
 But all their glories fading bring, to birth
 My evening star,—the face and eyes of thee.

XVI.

And as we keep our trysting night by night,
Amid the silence are we made aware
Of Him who made the stars, whose holy care
Our lives for highest ends will shape aright ;
By faith in Him we have the goal in sight,
What though 'tis path of pain whereon we fare.

XVII.

Yea, pain it is, this yearning, heart to heart,
While distance rises blackly, like the screen
That hangs the sunset and the dawn between ;
Not mine it is to learn the Stoic's art,
And say it is not pain to dwell apart ;
And yet my life is quiet and serene.

XVIII.

One day the helpful truth did come unsought ;
I saw this picture of the years long gone—
Great stones and costly from the quarry drawn,
On which, all guided by the master's thought,
Ten thousand busy hewers daily wrought
Beneath the cedar shades of Lebanon.

XIX.

And then before the eyes of wondering folk
I saw the temple in its beauty grow,
Disclosing leaf by leaf, as roses blow ;
No tool of iron was heard, no hammer-stroke
Upon the holy hill rude echoes woke ;
The great stones fit by magic, row on row.

xx.

Can it be elsewise with the “ living stones ”
Whereof the spiritual house is built ?
The chisel-strokes come not to punish guilt,
'Tis cleavage of the evil that atones ;
A stone made fit is he with love who owns
The Master's thought, and answers : “ As Thou
wilt.”

xxi.

Cheer thee, my Love, the pain is not an ill !
What though with bitter grief of heart we 've
sighed,
The clasp of hands, the touch of lips denied,
We know He shall our just desires fulfil ;
In absence we shall learn to do his will,
Then in the House be builded side by side.

POST SCRIPTUM

*O Lassie ayont the sea,
Wi' the freshness an' joy o' the sea i' thy life,
Come ower to me
Like a breeze o' the sea,
Like a breeze o' the sea
Untrammel'd and free,
Come ower like a breeze o' the sea !*

*If only I were afloat,
Afloat, my Love, on the waves o' the sea,
Leapin' and leapin' to thee, to thee !
But my body is chained to a place,
My e'en canna gaze on thy face ;
Yet high in the heaven my thochts are afloat,
Like moonbeams at nicht
They are wingèd wi' licht,
To thy bosom, my Love, is their flicht,
Like the homin' o' doos to their cote.*

*O Lassie ayont the sea,
God gie thee the strength o' the sea i' thy life !
When the storms owersweep,
Thy peace be as deep
As the ocean-depths keep
When the storms owersweep,
Thy peace be as deep as the sea !*

PRESS OF
BUNNELL & OBERDORF
DANSVILLE, N. Y.



